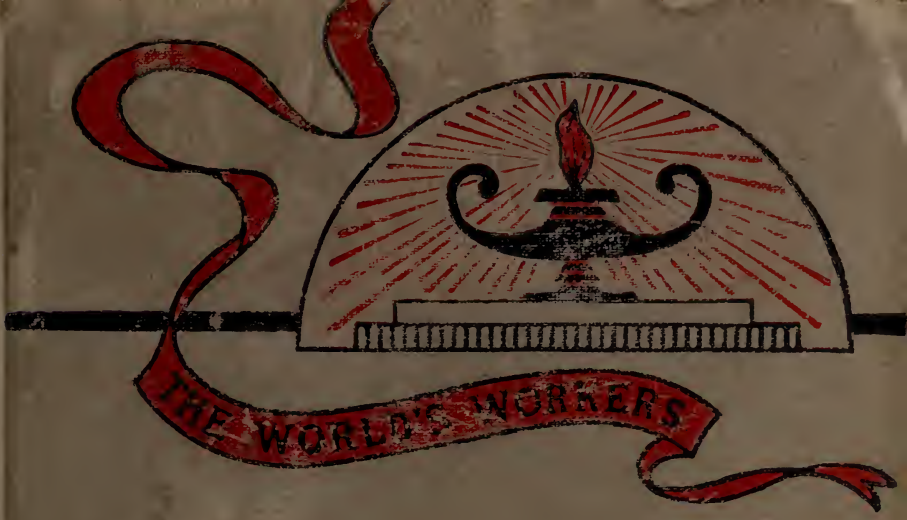

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

David Livingstone

THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

David Livingstone.

BY

ROBERT SMILES.

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CONTENTS.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FACTORY LADS' PICNIC.

ON the forenoon of a certain day in September, 1826, a number of factory operatives were to be seen passing the time listlessly about the doors of their dwellings, near the mills at which they were employed at Low Blantyre, on the banks of the Clyde, about eight miles up the river from Glasgow. The machinery at the mills was driven by water-power, and when the river was in flood there was no escape for the "tailwater"; the great wheel was choked, the machinery was stopped, and the hands thrown out of employment.

The year 1826 is memorable to survivors, who were then observant of times and seasons, from the failure of the harvest. One of the floods that turned the crops into "a heap in the field" caused the stoppage on the occasion in queston.

Among the involuntary idlers in the hamlet that morning were three lads of from thirteen to fifteen

years of age. They had been schoolfellows, they worked in the mill together, were rather close friends, and naturally discussed the question what it would be best to do with themselves for the day. One of them proposed that they should go to Hamilton, see "the sojers," perhaps hear the band, and, generally, see what was going on in "the toon." Another of the trio was strongly in favour of their going to Cathkin braes, where they would have splendid views, perhaps pick up some rare plants, and would see the new road that had been made for the old footpath, the stoppage of which had caused a good deal of disturbance. The third lad was indifferent as to whether they went to Hamilton or Cathkin, but would, of the two, rather go to Hamilton, as being only half the distance to Cathkin. The advocate of scenery in preference to soldiery carried his point, and the three youths set out for Cathkin Hill, distant about six miles, rising at Dytchmont to the ridge of which Cathkin Hill is the highest point.

The walk was very pleasant, the views charming, and the plants gathered very interesting—at least, to him who gathered them. But these pleasures were not at all "satisfying" in one important sense. The three growing lads, when they started from home, almost immediately after breakfast, did not give a thought to being hungry again, or to their next meal, and how or where they were to get it. Air and exercise had quickened their naturally vigorous appetites, which

became clamorous. Sandwich-boxes were conveniences of which they knew nothing. If they had had any thought, at starting, that they would be so long from home, they might have provided themselves with "pieces" of bread or scone, or possibly, to a very small extent, with money; but they had neither. They feared that, unless they could find supplies by some means, their ravenous appetites would make their condition desperate ere they reached the end of the return journey. So they talked over the best way of meeting the difficulty. The district in which they found themselves was more rural in those days than it is now. More or less comfortable-looking farmhouses and cottages dotted the landscape, but of shops there were not any within a long distance.

One of the three lads had a tin whistle, upon which he could play tolerably well. They determined to try whether his musical talents had a marketable value. From the height, they selected a farmhouse at which they should make the trial. In not very buoyant spirits, and without much hope as to the probable result, they descended the hill, entered the old-fashioned flower garden in front of the house, and the musician struck up "Maggie Lauder," following in succession with "The Laird o' Cockpen" and "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad." The whistler had not well started, when two of the children of the house stood at the open door, one

with finger in mouth, and both with wondering eyes, gazing at the strange visitors. Soon after, the comely face of a matron was seen at one of the windows, peeping out at the lads, with a look of curiosity and not altogether pleased surprise. In a few moments the good-wife came out, and the whistler ceased playing.

"What do you want?" asked the dame; "you're no beggars, are you?" addressing the performer, who, turning to one of his two companions, said, "Speak, Davie; it was to please you that we cam' a' the way to Cathkin."

"Davie," thus appealed to, exclaimed rather eagerly, "No, no, mem; we're no beggars. The mill that we work at's stoppit, an' we cam' frae Blantyre to see the new road. We're unco hungry, an' we hae nae siller; but we dinna want siller. We thocht ye micht maybe like a tune. Jamie can play ye 'The Bannocks o' Barley Meal.'"

The good-wife, thoroughly mollified, broke into a hearty laugh. "Ah!" says she, "*you* are a pawkie loon; but come awa; yese no want for a bit bannock" (unleavened cakes of flour, barley, or pea-meal). Taking them indoors, she regaled them with bannocks, cheese, and milk, to their full satisfaction, and sent them off with a further supply of food in their pockets to sustain them by the way.

The three youths of this incident were:—James Rankin, the whistler, who, when a young man, emi-

grated to Canada, did well there, but died many years ago; John Campbell, a very worthy man, who later on came to fill a place of trust and responsibility in Blantyre Mills; and David Livingstone, concerning whom Sir Samuel Baker, himself an eminent explorer, said, many years afterwards:—"There is no British name more widely known, or more universally respected, than that of Livingstone—the greatest among African travellers"; and concerning whom, when his remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, it was declared:—

> "Never to mansions where the mighty rest,
> Since their foundation, came a nobler guest."

A day or two after the Cathkin braes expedition the same three youths started upon another, taking the direction of Bothwell, on the opposite side of the river. Their road passed along a field in which a number of reapers were at work, under the personal superintendence of Captain Boyle, the proprietor, who farmed his own land. He accosted the lads and invited them to assist in the harvest field, for which they would be paid in food and money. The recollection of their hunger and penury at Cathkin led them to prompt, unhesitating acceptance of the invitation. Reaping and raking machines had not been invented at that time, all corn crops being cut with either scythe or sickle. The harvest, sadly defective, threatened to make the following a "dear year," and

it was important that nothing should be wasted or lost in gathering it. The work assigned to Livingstone and his two companions was to gather the heads of corn that, from the shortness of the straws to which they were attached, escaped getting bound up in the sheaves.

It is not recorded whether Captain Boyle provided beer for his three extra hands, as was customary at that time in the harvest field in some parts of Scotland; but he did give them, at the end of the day's work, a few coppers each, which they had well earned. As touching beer, Livingstone is remembered at Blantyre as a staunch abstainer. Frequently, as he and his companions came upon a wimpling brook in their rambles, he referred pithily to the innocence and virtue of "Adam's wine," as he called water. He was never obtrusive with his counsel, but he never missed an opportunity, when it came fairly in his way, of recommending, as the best drink, "honest water, that never laid man i' the mire." When any one with whom he could use the liberty had suffered through drink, he never failed to urge the advantage of keeping to "Adam's wine."

"Davie" is remembered as having been a general favourite, especially among those of about his own age, and was, when occasion arose, appealed to in cases of dispute, or applied to for advice in cases of difficulty, his decision and counsel, which he never volunteered or thrust upon them, being cheerfully

accepted and acted upon. As he grew up, it is said, by those who remember him when a youth, he became more reserved and studious, living in a world of his own, into which his mates in the mill could not be expected to follow him.

CHAPTER II.

THE LIVINGSTONE FAMILY.

THE stock from which Livingstone came, his home and school life, the books he read, and some other circumstances, claim attention before notice of his companions or out-door pursuits.

It may be said deliberately, and without extravagance, that he came of a truly, though not conventionally, noble race.

His great-grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden, and his grandfather was a small farmer in the Isle of Ulva—or Isle of Wolves—in the Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotland.

Of his grandfather, Dr. Livingstone relates that he could give particulars of the lives of his forefathers for six generations. One of these ancestors, according to family tradition, when on his death-bed, called all his children around him, and said, "In my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover

that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you, or any of your children, should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: 'be honest.'" Dr. Livingstone was proud of this really stately, though humble, legacy, and never forgot the ancient family motto.

The grandfather had a hard struggle to wring a subsistence for his large family out of his small, sterile farm, and in 1792 he removed to Lanarkshire, with the hope of bettering their condition. His search after a new settlement resulted in his finding employment in the cotton manufactory of Messrs. Henry Monteith and Co., of Blantyre Mills. He was himself employed in a situation of great trust and responsibility, his duties including the conveyance every week of large sums of money from Glasgow, for payment of the workpeople's wages. After a lengthened period of honourable service he was pensioned off for life by the firm he had served so faithfully. Under difficulties and disadvantages unknown in these later days, he had given his sons sufficient education to fit them for clerks, and in that capacity they were employed by the same firm as himself.

The sons were adventurous, spirited youths, and, catching the war fever of the time—that of the first Napoleon—entered either the army or the navy, excepting Neil, the father of Dr. Livingstone.

Neil served an apprenticeship to David Hunter, a tailor at Blantyre, a man of remarkable excellence of character, whose daughter Agnes, the mother of Dr. Livingstone, Neil married in 1810. David Hunter was a devout man, and, for his station, of considerable culture. The religious literature of the period interested him greatly, one of his favourite writers being the Rev. John Campbell, of Kingsland, formerly a missionary in South Africa, author of "Journals of Travel in South Africa," "Travels Among the Hottentots," "Life of Kaboo, a Wild Bushman," &c. Neil Livingstone had a passion for books, which was encouraged by his master. Neil was deeply interested in Campbell's works, and became by them, and such other religious books as fell in his way, deeply imbued with a missionary spirit.

From his youth up Neil Livingstone showed great excellence of character, and was uniformly exemplary in his conduct and conversation. In the hope of exercising influence for good upon his brothers and associates, he became an abstainer from intoxicating drinks as beverages long before the word "teetotaller" had been coined. He persevered in his abstinence to the end of his days, in spite of obloquy and ridicule, and even the disapproval of some of his dearest friends. His mother, a good, affectionate woman, and a pattern of motherly love and exercise of the domestic virtues, could not understand, far less appreciate, his self-denial in this matter. One of this

pioneer teetotaller's most bitter experiences, as he himself stated, was to take the glass of whisky from his mother's hands at his father's funeral and to pass it on untasted—an act that excited grief and pain among the mourners, who thought that respect for the dead should have impelled him to conform to established custom, and lay aside for the time, and on such a solemn occasion, his own opinion and convictions. The incident conveys some idea of the moral quality and stamina of the man.

Neil Livingstone and his wife had five sons, two of whom died in infancy; and two daughters. The survivors were John, David, Janet, Charles, and Agnes. David was born 19th March, 1813, in Shuttle Row, near the "dookit" (dove-cote), Blantyre. The house, a substantial stone building, three storeys in height, is still standing. It has at the front a roofed spiral stone stair, or "roondle," a feature not uncommon then in old Scottish towns, though they have now almost entirely disappeared. A few years after David was born the family removed to Middle Row, Blantyre. While he remained in Blantyre, Neil Livingstone followed the trade of tailor, to which he had served an apprenticeship with his father-in-law, David Hunter. He afterwards removed to Hamilton, where, with his hard-earned savings—the result of his own industry, his wife's frugality and clever household management, their hand-in-hand hearty working together, and, it may be added, the

well-doing of their children—he was able to purchase a small property, including a comfortable dwelling-house. The house they named "Ulva Cottage," in commemoration of the little islet off the west coast of Mull, whence Neil's father had come. The first letter written by Dr. Livingstone from Africa to his parents, after being informed of the purchase, was jocularly addressed to them as "Dear Laird and Lairdess." The pleasant "settlement" of his father and mother and his sisters in this way gave him great satisfaction.

At Hamilton Mr. Neil Livingstone commenced the more congenial business of travelling retail tea-dealer. Rounds of calls from place to place suited him better than sedentary occupation. Such work was more conducive to his health, and, above all, it afforded fuller scope for the gratification of his desires to be useful as a sort of unofficial, unattached pastor and home missionary, and the discharge of functions for which he seemed to be "to the manner born." As a minister to the sick and sorrowful, a religious teacher, a wise and faithful counsellor to young men, and for beneficent activity in connection with all such work as he could help, he was widely known, and his services and assistance gratefully received and highly valued.

His new occupation of tea-dealer brought its troubles. On visiting Blantyre some time after he commenced business in this line, a grocer of the

village attacked him virulently for having started in opposition. The grocer was *not* a teetotaller. Mr. Livingstone quieted him effectually by the soft answer that turneth away wrath. He was so much respected—it may be said beloved—by all who knew him as to make it an audacious act even for a *sober* man to assail him, and the attack was not renewed.

Mrs. Livingstone, the mother of the traveller, was an excellent housekeeper, a willing worker, and always neat, tidy—it may almost be said refined—in dress and appearance. She took a laudable pride in providing the family meals with unvarying punctuality, and as temptingly cooked and served as could be desired. She was in hearty sympathy with her husband in all his religious and philanthropic work, and the means he employed to promote it. It is stated of them that purity of speech was a rule of the house, and slang or exaggeration was strictly prohibited. If a thing was really "terrible," it might be so described, otherwise the use of such a strong term was not allowed. The Livingstones had a comparatively humble, yet really happy, home. The parental influence exercised was of the most wholesome kind; the parents dearly loved their children, and the children regarded their parents with warm affection and respect. Love ruled in the family.

CHAPTER III.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE received his elementary instruction at the village school of Blantyre, which was conducted by Mr. Mackskiming, assisted by his son John, who afterwards settled as a minister in Sydney, New South Wales. Mr. Mackskiming was probably of average merit and ability among the men of his profession in his day, and grounded his scholars fairly well in "the three Rs"—Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. The men who achieve honourable distinction in the world by their work and their service to the human family, who themselves add materially to the sum of human knowledge, are usually the chief agents in their own education—using the word in contradistinction to instruction. So it was with Livingstone.

The village school-house was, of course, the place for "learning," but desires after knowledge of certain kinds were strong within him, that could not be satisfied by the lessons he received there. Unconsciously, he commenced in early life to seek after knowledge in topography, botany, geology, and natural history; and, happily, the fields of inquiry within his reach were beautiful, attractive, and fruitful. Livingstone's "life-school," when he had done with it, had extended between 56 degrees north and 35 de-

grees south latitude, and from 5 degrees west to 73 degrees east longitude—that is, from Ulva of the Hebrides in the north to Algoa Bay in the south, and from Blantyre in the west to Bombay in the east.

Sixty or seventy years ago Scotland was far ahead of England in means for elementary instruction. In these later days the readily accessible Board schools of England are a great advance upon what the burgh, parochial, village, and elementary schools of Scotland were in Livingstone's young days. In the ordinary school course, and in the "special subjects" open to them to take—as Livingstone would have done, had they been offered to him—the youth of our time, especially if possessed of such exceptional powers, and animated by such noble aspirations, as distinguished Livingstone, enjoy educational advantages vastly superior to those of boys at school in the olden time. The improvements in educational means and appliances are found in every department—in buildings, space, light, ventilation, books, maps, pictures, teaching apparatus, methods, and, notably, in having an army of men and women devoted to educational work, who have been thoroughly trained in school organisation and management, and in the art of teaching. Then and now are in strong contrast—to the credit of these later days.

When Livingstone was a boy at school, parents rarely interfered with the authority of the schoolmaster in the employment of such means as he

thought necessary to maintain discipline and bring out the powers of his scholars. The penal code in schools has been much relaxed since that time, and certain burdens, grievous to be borne, have been taken off the scholar. Unreasonably long portions of Scripture and catechism were given to scholars, to say off by rote, in the ordinary course of lessons, and extra portions were administered as punishments; while cruel inflictions followed failure to repeat correctly the forms of words. In those days a little of history, a moderate amount of geography, and an inordinate quantity of "religious knowledge" were communicated in the common schools of Scotland. It was profitable, doubtless, that "the Word" should be "engrafted" in the mind, but it was not in accordance with the fitness of things that the grafting tool should be the "taws" or other instrument of torture.

The Rev. William Armstrong refers to Dr. Livingstone having preached in the school-house at Blantyre in the autumn of 1864, when, he states the people of the village, deeply interested by the Doctor's discourse, thought "his English quite broken." Mr. Armstrong also preached in the school-house in the same year, occupying as a pulpit the master's desk, "a fine piece of cabinet work, to which the Doctor and I looked up with awe when school-children."

It may be doubted, however, whether Livingstone

stood in "awe" of his schoolmaster. He was far removed from insubordination or audacity; he lovingly revered and dutifully obeyed his parents, and readily rendered such reverence as he thought due to pastors, masters, and others; but he knew little of "awe," apart from wrongdoing and its consequences. An illustration of his philosophic courage may be mentioned here.

Mr. Neil Livingstone was a strict disciplinarian, and a rigid rule of the home was that every member of the family must be in the house, and the door locked, to the exclusion of any one who might be absent without leave, at ten o'clock. One night "Davie" had rambled farther, and reached home later, than usual, to find the door locked. Had this happened when they lived in the house in Shuttle Row, where he was born, it would have been a small matter; he would have been comparatively comfortable reposing on the top steps of the roofed "roondle" stair; but here he had no better couch than the stone steps in the open air, and he settled upon them to spend the night. He might think the law hard, but he raised no whimper, howl, or rebellious cry against it—to such a nature as his the prospective bivouac was a bagatelle, as he abundantly proved in his adventurous after-life. Like Carlyle, he had "a sacred pride in his peasant father, and would not have exchanged him for any king he knew." He yielded cheerfully to his sovereign author-

ity. The loving mother knew that "Davie" was not in the home nest. She gently drew back the bar of the door, admitted the errant son, and the sterner parent probably winked willingly, for once, at this infraction of his authority.

That rote-teaching of Scripture was in vogue at Blantyre, and that Livingstone's powers were in part directed to it, may be inferred from the fact that when he was only nine years of age he was awarded a prize of a New Testament for repeating, on two successive evenings, the 119th Psalm, with only five hitches in the 176 verses—a gigantic performance for such a small recompense, pecuniarily considered. Such a feat shows that Livingstone proved himself a giant amongst schoolboys, as he afterwards proved himself to be amongst men, and little likely to have occasion to be in dread of his schoolmaster because of failure in any reasonable task that could be imposed upon him. As it was afterwards said of him as a man, so it was as a boy: he was as great as his work. He doubtless possessed extraordinary natural powers.

He was an intelligent observer, a persistent, unwearied, willing worker, a sworn foe to idleness; what his hand or head found to do he did with concentrated, whole-hearted application—with his might. His dominating motto, from boyhood and throughout life, seems to have been, "Fear God, and work hard"—a counsel he gave on occasion to assemblies of young

children, when he had the opportunity of addressing them. He was of the same order as the distinguished mathematician who so highly educated himself, with a "knowledge of the letters of the alphabet" as his basis, declaring these to be "all that one needs to know, in order to learn everything else that one wishes."

Such equipment as the Blantyre village schoolmaster could give Livingstone for his future career was completed when he reached his tenth year, and entered the spinning mill of Messrs. Henry Monteith and Co. as a "piecer."

CHAPTER IV.

HOME LIFE AND COMPANIONS.

AS "a man is known by the company he keeps," so is a boy. David Livingstone, in his youth, seems to have kept good company, and to have been one of the number. His closest companionship was naturally with those of his own house—his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, with whom he was a great favourite. It was said by the mother of another eminent Scotsman—Thomas Carlyle—that "Tam wus na' vera easy to leeve wi'." The very opposite could be truthfully said of "Davie" Livingstone.

A surviving member of the family circle testifies, with still glowing fondness, that, "both as a boy and a youth, it was a pleasure and a joy to be in the same house with him." He rendered cheerful assistance to his father in all such affairs as admitted of his help. He was always more than willing to lighten his mother's load of work and care. Some boys would sneer at such domestic work as he voluntarily undertook. His after-life sufficiently asserted the noble manliness of his nature. He was no "molly coddle" because he often swept the floor for his mother, and did his work thoroughly, lifting every chair and "sweeping under the mat." His failing leaned to virtue's side when he so far deferred to what he considered false notions of boy or man nature and work as to say, as he sometimes did, "Mother, if you bar the door I'll wash the floor for you." And this he often did, and did it thoroughly, his gentle, delicate, dearly beloved mother accepting his service reluctantly—certainly less cheerily and heartily than he rendered it.

Allusion has been already made to two other "lads of the factory" who were his principal associates after his brothers John and Charles. The three brothers were, from their earliest years, most exemplary in their ardent, unbroken affection for each other, their attachment manifesting itself in their outdoor recreations as well as in their indoor life.

A boyish trouble that was to David, at the time,

a cause of sore distress shows, incidentally, the moral quality and tastes of the lads with whom he associated at the mill, and, to some extent, the nature of their intercourse. Jamie Rankin represented to Davie the delight he had experienced from reading Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," and readily lent it to him to read. The treasure was received at the mill-closing time, on a remarkably cold, frosty night. The borrower buttoned his jacket over the book, trotted briskly off to his happy home, with hands in pockets, looking forward to an evening of delight with his book at the fireside. When he got home he discovered, to his consternation, that the book had been dropped, but where could not be guessed, and the night was pitch-dark. Such partial search as was possible was made, but made in vain. The kind father tried to console his son with the unintentionally cruel pun that he must live, for the present, in the "Pleasures of Hope," and cheerily encouraged him to believe that the book would "very likely cast up i' the mornin'."

But Davie was inconsolable, and—rare thing with him—he sat moody and silent for the whole of the evening. His grief was aggravated by the fear that Jamie may have lent him the book without asking his father's leave, which would lead his friend into a scrape. Joy came in the morning! The loser devoted the breakfast hour successfully to ferreting out the finder, and recovered the dropped book.

Some people are "good book-keepers" in a bad sense—in failing to return the books they borrow. Livingstone was an excellent book-keeper, especially in the department of diary-keeping; while borrowed books he used carefully, and returned faithfully, sometimes in better condition than they were when he borrowed them. In illustration, the Rev. Mr. Muir, his minister at Hamilton, lent him some books when he went to London to prepare for his missionary work. These were scrupulously returned, including a Greek Lexicon, in boards when borrowed, but sent back well bound in calf.

Livingstone's amiability of disposition attracted younger boys, to whom it was quite a privilege to be permitted to accompany him in his fishing and botanical, or geological expeditions, when he was at home during his college vacations. One of these, David Ferguson, born at Blantyre, closed a useful and honoured life in South Africa in 1884. Another, the Rev. William Armstrong, already referred to, is minister of a Wesleyan Episcopal church at East Bloomfield, co. Ontario, U.S.* Another companion of his was Mr. Anderson, a well-known

* The writer is indebted to Miss Livingstone, sister of Dr. Livingstone; the Rev. Robert Mackenzie, M.A., minister of the Livingstone Memorial Church, Blantyre; and the Rev. William Armstrong, for copious notes concerning Livingstone and his family. He has also to express his acknowledgments for facts collated in this volume to Professor Blaikie's "Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L.," to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (ninth edition), and to various periodical publications and newspapers.

American pastor, who finding his pastorate a burden too heavy for one with his failing health and advancing years, resigned active work not long since. Happily, he is now able to say: "I am not rich, but with my habits I have plenty"—about 14,000 dollars —"my father was very poor—a labouring man." This gentleman was born at Blantyre, attended the same day-school as Livingstone, and, like him, entered the mill as a "piecer," at ten years of age. Away in the far west of the New World, and after many years of exile, Mr. Anderson, as he states, experiences quiet joy in living his boyhood over again, and in musing with closed eyes over the lovely scenes with which in boyhood he was familiar. He seems to have been an ardent disciple and imitator of his senior and forerunner in the school, the spinning-mill, and the limestone quarry, and other places, where they started in scientific study at the bottom of the ladder. Mr. Anderson has a grateful recollection of the pleasure it gave to himself and his friend, David Ferguson, to be permitted to accompany the bigger boy, to whom they were so warmly attached, in his fishing, geological, and botanical excursions. It was only lads of their age, he states, that Livingstone could have for companions, if he desired companionship, as the older lads were employed for twelve hours a day in the mills or dye-works. He narrates how about a dozen of the mill lads formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement,

their principal means being meetings on Saturday afternoons, for the reading aloud by one of their number of popular publications which they clubbed their pennies to purchase. The readings alternated during favourable weather with field excursions. Mr. Anderson states that astronomy and geology were favourite subjects with several of the lads who manifested an acute thirst after knowledge, and aspired to a higher sphere of life than they were likely to reach in the mills. "Many an evening," he writes, "was spent in observation of the heavens, in preference to such social pleasures as might be within reach." Their association was, he states, "a grand success, and left a favourable impress upon all its members. The youths employed in the spinning-mills were then a numerous and important class, the girls not having at that time invaded "piecing."

Mr. Anderson seems to have followed Livingstone's example in several of his pursuits. "The limestone quarry," he writes, "where the Doctor studied geology, was often, after he left, visited by me, and for the same purpose. I also studied in the factory, in the same way as the Doctor. The position of the book so that a sentence could be read as the machine passed backwards and forwards while the spinner was at work could only be made intelligible by a diagram." Mr. Anderson tells how he and Livingstone, having a swim at the mouth of the Kirsty Burn, his friend ducked him in play, but desisted as soon as

there seemed to be distress in his gasped "Don't!" Playful good-humour Livingstone frequently showed, but never cruelty or unkindness. His juniors looked to him as a sure protector and helper in case of need.

In one of his many visits to Bothwell Castle, Livingstone climbed up one of the towers to a height never attempted by his companions, by tourists, or others, and there cut his name on the stone. It is to be seen to this day, we believe, by those willing to climb the giddy height to search for it.

There was no restriction on fishing for trout and perch in their time, but salmon was preserved. On one occasion, David, by accident rather than intention, caught a salmon, and had a misgiving as to getting it home without detection. His younger brother Charles submitted cheerfully to the discomfort of carrying it hard packed inside a leg of his trousers. The scrupulous father forgave him for that time, but sternly enjoined his three sons never to do the like again. Hares and rabbits, which they met with in abundance, were never taken by the Livingstone boys, who knew that any attempt in this direction would provoke their father's severe displeasure, although he condemned the game laws as productive of much crime, and for other reasons. He well knew that if his sons engaged in such pursuits they would be demoralised, and exposed, almost certainly, to contact with bad company. The

brothers John and David were within two years in their ages, John having been born in 1811 and the traveller in 1813; Charles was eight years younger, having been born in 1821.

One of Dr. Livingstone's most notable home excursions was to the Falls of Clyde above and below Lanark, beginning with Corra Linn, and finishing with Stonebyres Linn.

This excursion was made in 1837, before his return to the University the second time. It must have been a very arduous day's work, and the distance travelled not less, probably, than thirty miles, and much of it upon rough, uneven ground. He was at work again at this time, between college sessions, at the Blantyre Mills, which were now stopped in consequence of one of the floodings before referred to. His mother made breakfast for him about six o'clock, provided him with a pretty large "piece," and he started to walk the whole distance, making a detour on the way to see the celebrated Cartland Crags. Coming through Hamilton in the evening, he was nearly dead-beat with fatigue, and with his back to the wall, leaning upon his umbrella, actually commenced to take "forty winks" of sleep in the street. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he was attracting a degree and kind of attention that he did not at all relish, so, pulling himself together, he trudged on for the remaining three miles, and had a night's sound sleep without needing rocking or lullaby. Next morning, Sunday,

he was up betimes, and accompanied his father and mother and brothers and sisters to the place of worship they attended at Hamilton. A correspondent who knew the family intimately informs us that "a party of between thirty and forty persons, including the Livingstones, attended a place of worship in Hamilton, distant about three miles, in preference to attending the branch of the Established Church at Blantyre, that was maintained by Messrs. Henry Monteith and Co. Whether it was rain or shine, stormy or calm, every service in their church at Hamilton was attended by Neil Livingstone and his boys.

He was greatly pleased by his visit to the Falls and Cartland Crags, of which he brought home a rapturous account.

The day's visit added a series of new views of Nature to his collection, to be recalled at will after many days, and in view of scenes and works vastly greater and grander than these.

CHAPTER V.

FACTORY LAD AND EVENING SCHOLAR.

SOME young people, when they leave school, and have done with school-books and satchels, slates and sums, tasks and "taws," congratulate themselves upon having escaped from bondage, and reckon that they

have "finished their education." Henceforth, with them, reading and the use of books are to be purely optional, and only for pastime and amusement; tasks and labour in learning are done with. Livingstone was of those who considered such ideas grovelling and pernicious—who believed that all the world's a school, the whole span of mortal life a school-time.

David Livingstone finished his short day-school course when he was ten years of age. He then began the battle of life as a wage-earner, by daily labour for his own maintenance, in whole or in part, his hours of work, to begin with, being twelve a day. His employment was, as we have said, as a "piecer" in Blantyre spinning mill.

We may here remark that David Livingstone has been referred to as having commenced life as a weaver boy. This is a mistake; he was never a weaver. In cotton manufactories spinning and weaving are distinct and separate processes, and the machinery for spinning and weaving is in charge of different classes of "hands." A power-loom weaver has charge of one or more looms. He allows each of them to run on weaving while all is going right, but if the thread in the shuttle is run out, breaks, gets tangled, or anything else goes wrong, he stops the loom and puts right what is wrong before he sets it going again. The spinner has the charge of a machine of quite a different nature to the loom. The loom is fixed, whereas an important portion of the spinning machine

travels backward and forward—backward by a comparatively slow motion, while the vast number of threads in a horizontal line which are in progress are being spun in lengths; and forward by a much quicker motion. The spinner in charge, at the right moment, operates upon the part of the machinery provided for giving the alternate travelling motions. The travelling portion of the machine, being run close up to the fixed portion, resumes the backward motion, and another length is spun and wound upon the bobbins or cops; the "lengths" mentioned are not separate, the continuity of the thread being preserved. As one or more of the threads in the machine break, the spinner catches and joins the ends when they are within his reach; but in many instances they are not readily accessible, and serious loss, delay, and inconvenience would result from his being unassisted in this matter. His helper is a boy who shoots quickly to any point under the row of threads, or elsewhere, that may need his service, to "piece," or join together, the ends of the broken thread. A small, nimble, watchful, biddable boy makes a model "piecer." Such a boy was "Davie Livinstin"; such were the duties assigned to, and undertaken by, him when he was required to "fall in" as a full private in the work-a-day world. There were no "short-timers" in those days, and, weary or no, he had to stick to his work in the Blantyre Mills until the machinery was stopped at eight o'clock in the evening.

The school had never been a place of bondage to Livingstone; to him learning had never been a drudgery, but ever a delight. The comparatively small amount of knowledge he acquired at school whetted his appetite for more, and gave him a degree of perception of the vastness of the field of knowledge of which he had only touched the outer edge. He felt that he was only beginning his education—the kind of education that necessitates self-imposed tasks, earnest application, and patient labour. The margin of time must have been very narrow, if margin there were; the remnant of mental power—of "go"—left in a boy of his age, after such a day's work, could only have been small, if there were any remnant left, to be applied, not to reading for amusement merely, but to real study. The onward and upward step and look, the laudable ambition, strong will, indomitable perseverance, and excellent qualities of head and heart withal, of young Livingstone, ensured that he would make a margin and find a remnant of time for self-improvement, and turn them to good account.

The first half-crown our factory lad earned he dutifully handed to his mother, the act causing, probably, a tingle of pardonable pride in both mother and son. The first money he could appropriate to his own use he applied to the purchase of a copy of Ruddiman's Latin Grammar. What a strange purchase to be made by a factory lad! What would his mates of the mill think of his taste, or of such an

application of his coin? What would be the verdict of a large proportion of the lads of our day, whether factory, office, yard, shop, or any other sort, whether of working, middle, or upper classes, upon such conduct? "Purchase of a Latin book! purpose to learn Latin!" It is to be feared that the verdict would be sharp, short, unhesitating—"Latin? Rubbish!" However this may be, Livingstone bought the book, commenced the study of Latin, and prosecuted it until the reading of Virgil and Horace, and other classics, was one of his sources of intellectual delight.

Livingstone's love of learning, of school and school-work, and his satisfactory relations with his master, are conclusively proved by his own very brief incidental references to his educational pursuits. What definite aim he can have had in prosecuting such arduous extra labours can only be left to conjecture; but it is surely an illustration of boyish dignity and determination fitted to excite wonder and admiration. It is difficult to conceive of the reality, to believe it possible, that a tired boy, after twelve hours' work in the factory, should, of his own motion and choice, run home, take a hurried meal, and be off to the school, immediately after swallowing it, to study Latin, and other subjects, till ten o'clock, and even then to resume at home, and continue engaged with his books until they were taken from him and he was driven off to bed, to be up soon enough in the morning to commence work in the

factory at six o'clock. Such conduct might safely have been taken, by those who knew him and his ways, to be the presage of a great career. The dust was not allowed to deposit itself on the boards of his Ruddiman's Rudiments ; he commenced at once, and, despite his task being dry, tedious, and uninteresting, excepting perhaps to himself in his conscious progress, he kept to it with indomitable perseverance that rode down any temptations to relaxation that may have come in his way. Even as a boy, Livingstone proved himself of those who "scorn delights and live laborious days."

Livingstone possessed a nature and character that at once impelled and enabled him to extract wholesome educational influence from a wide range of objects, circumstances, associations, and opportunities. Albeit somewhat hackneyed, the quotation is really so truly fitting as to make its use irresistible. He was of those who find

> "—— Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

As regards school-learning, the subject may be dismissed with the statement, which conveys a great deal, that as factory boy and young man he attended the evening school at Blantyre for "many years." Long after he had left it, and he and his achievements had excited interest and admiration throughout the civilised world, he wrote thus concerning his

school and his schoolmaster:—"For many years I attended evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labours was followed up till twelve o'clock or later. . . . . Our schoolmaster—happily still alive (1857)—was attentive and kind, and so moderate in his charges that all who wished for education might have obtained it. Many availed themselves of the privilege, and some of my schoolfellows now rank in position far above what they appeared ever likely to come to when in the village school."

The educational influence of the factory may, in like manner, be summarily disposed of. In the factory and at work he lived a dual life; he attended to the mechanical work, for which he was paid, and prosecuted his studies at the same time. "My reading while at work," he writes, "was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children, or near the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad; but it was well paid for, and it enabled me to support my-

self while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, as also the Divinity lectures by Dr. Wardlaw, by working with my hands in summer. I never received a farthing of aid from any one, and should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary, in the course of time, by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society. . . . It was not without a pang that I offered myself, for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others." . . .

"Looking back now on that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training."

The other chief agencies in his early training were his home and books, and outdoor studies of Nature. Each of these has been already referred to. Love of each other glowed in the hearts of the members of the Livingstone family. Although pleasant good-humour prevailed in a considerable degree, there was no levity or frivolity, and the tone was grave rather than gay, more inclined to the severe than the lively. An entry in one of Dr. Livingstone's private diaries that has been published gives a glimpse of the fire-side, and some idea of the kind of subjects that interested the warm hearts of those who surrounded it.

"Mother told me stories of her youth; they seemed to come back to her in her eighty-second year very vividly. Her grandfather, Gavin Hunter, could write, while most common people were ignorant of the art. A poor woman got him to write a petition to the minister of Shott's parish to augment her monthly allowance of sixpence, as she could not live on it. He was taken to Hamilton gaol for this, and, having a wife and three children at home, who, without him, would certainly starve, he thought of David's feigning madness before the Philistines, and pretended to be so. All who were found guilty were sent to the army in America, or the plantations. A sergeant had compassion on him and said, 'Tell me, guidman, if you are really out of your mind; I'll befriend you.' He confessed that he only feigned insanity because he had a wife and three bairns at home, who would starve if he were sent to the army. 'Dinna say onything mair to onybody,' said the kind-hearted sergeant. He then said to the commanding officer, 'They have given us a man clean oot o' his mind; I can do nothing wi' the like o' him.' The officer went to him and gave him three shillings, saying, 'Tak' that, guidman, an' gang awa' hame to your wife an' weans.' 'Ay,' said mother, 'mony a prayer went up for that sergeant, for my grandfather was an unco godly man. He had never had so much money in his life before, for his wages were only threepence a day.'"

Books, and the use he made of them, exercised an important influence in the formation of Livingstone's character. He "read all the books that came in his way," his preference being for those of science and travel. His father's love of books grew with his years, but his taste in reading was of a rather severe character; light reading, especially novels, he considered unwholesome mental food. The family was well supplied, however, with religious books and periodicals. His expenditure in this direction was so liberal that Mrs. Livingstone at times almost remonstrated with him for spending so much in books. He would make such answer as, "Now, now, hinny, you never grudge them a 'piece' when they want one: what for no supply them wi' the food for the mind they need as well?" And so the bookseller's account continued from month to month, with a tendency to expand rather than contract.

Sir Walter Scott's works were not allowed in the house, especially such of them as made reference to the Covenanters, Mr. Neil Livingstone believing that the "Scots worthies" were treated with derision and ridicule under a thin veil. David Livingstone was in full sympathy with his father in his admiration of the heroic martyrs, and in his warm appreciation of the patriotism of "Wallace and Bruce, an a' the lave." But father and son were not in sympathy in their reading tastes all through, as appears from a characteristic incident that has been narrated. The father

read theological works with satisfaction that his son could not read with interest, and would not engage to read. One of the most painful of the few differences that ever arose between David and his father was in connection with this subject. The father asked David to read "Wilberforce's Practical Christianity;" he refused; he was next commanded to obey, and to read the book. His son, who disdained all hypocrisy, pretence, and make-believe, persisted in his refusal. The father, grieved that his son should refuse what would be so much to his advantage, as he believed, and angry for his disobedience, and impressed with the axiom that "discipline must be maintained," severely chastised David, which caused great distress among the other members of the family.

Though father and son had quarrelled about reading, they were not really far apart in their ideas and sympathies in relation to missionary work. The whole family were interested in the missionary enterprises that were then beginning to attract attention. Neil Livingstone founded a missionary society in the village, and established a missionary prayer meeting. He procured all the missionary books and publications within his reach. The family reading included accounts of Moravian missions, with the lives and works of Henry Martyn, Claudius Buchanan, Judson, Newell, Carey, Zinzendorf; and amongst the other heroes of the family, as Christians and

patriots, were Wallace, Bruce, John Knox, and the Covenanters.

The works relating to missions that most deeply interested David were those of Charles Gutzlaff, medical and Gospel missionary from China. Gutzlaff, a native of Stettin, had been to China, whither he went in 1824, under the auspices of the Missionary Society of the Netherlands. He had gone through wonderful personal adventures in China. He had laboured in the interior of the country with truly apostolic zeal, and had acquired extensive knowledge of the history, language and literature, manners and customs, arts, manufactures, commerce of the country, and the religious condition and wants of the people. In addition, he had made two voyages along the coasts, the one in a Chinese junk, the other in a British ship, the *Lord Amherst*, and published an account of his voyages with another important work, "China Opened." Gutzlaff issued a powerful and eloquent appeal to the Churches of Britain and America on behalf of China.

David Livingstone was powerfully impressed by the appeal which deposited in his mind the germ of the purpose to become a missionary himself, and, like Gutzlaff, a medical missionary as well as, or perhaps more than, a preacher. Livingstone was then about twenty-two years of age. The desire to join in the work which Gutzlaff so powerfully and convincingly set forth as an urgent duty speedily crystallised into

a fixed resolution, and Livingstone thenceforth shaped his course with a view to acquiring the necessary qualifications for the office of medical missionary to China.

CHAPTER VI.

STUDENT AND MISSIONARY-ELECT.

HE now became spinner and "student" proper—student always, uninterruptedly, and spinner between sessions, to earn the money, necessary for his class fees and keep, while attending the classes in Glasgow.

His first session was in 1836—37, when he was twenty-three years of age. He had not a peer, probably, in the classes he attended—that is, a working cotton-spinner, or, say, a journeyman mechanic—but he had as fellow-students Lyon (afterwards Sir Lyon) Playfair and other men who rose to eminence. Among the classes he attended were those of Dr. Thomas Graham, the distinguished Professor of Chemistry; Dr. Andrew Buchanan, Professor of the Institute of Medicine; a Greek class in Anderson's College, and the theological class of the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw. Livingstone's lodging in Glasgow cost half-a-crown a week. It is not recorded what his board cost; it was probably less than the rent of the room.

Dr. Graham, the Chemical Professor, had an assistant—Mr. James Young—who attracted many of

the students to his rooms, in which he had a turning lathe, a bench, and tools of various kinds, with which the young men did amateur carpenter-work. Among the students and others who at that time availed themselves of Mr. Young's kindness, and met in his room to learn, amongst other things, the use of tools, were Lyon Playfair, James (afterwards Professor) Thomson, William (afterwards Sir William) Thomson, and David Livingstone. Fast friendships were formed in Mr. Young's room that lasted for life; amongst others, between Dr. Livingstone and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Young himself.

At the close of the session, in April, Dr. Livingstone returned to Blantyre and resumed work in the mill. He was not able to save sufficient out of his wages between sessions to meet his prospective expenses during the second session, but his brother John, who was also a spinner in Blantyre Mills, cheerfully advanced to him as much money as he required.

While attending the classes in Glasgow for his second session, Livingstone, on the advice of some of his friends, offered his services to the Directors of the London Missionary Society. In his letter he stated some of his views in relation to missionary work :— "The missionary's object is by every means in his power to make known the Gospel by preaching, exhortation, conversation, instruction of the young, improving, so far as in his power, the temporal condition of those among whom he labours, by intro-

ducing the arts and sciences of civilisation, and doing everything to commend Christianity to their hearts and consciences. He will be exposed to great trials of his faith and patience from the indifference, distrust, and even direct opposition and scorn, of those for whose good he is labouring. He may be tempted to despondency from the little apparent fruit of his exertions, and exposed to all the contaminating influence of heathenism."

In September, 1838, Livingstone was summoned to London to meet the Directors of the Society in connection with his offer of service and the provisional acceptance by the Directors.

On the same day that Livingstone proceeded to London to meet the Mission Board, another young man, the Rev. Joseph Moore, from the south of England, afterwards a missionary at Tahiti, arrived in town in answer to a similar summons, and on the same business as Livingstone. They naturally exchanged sympathies; each found in the other a congenial spirit. They had evidently a high appreciation of the estimable qualities each saw in the other.

Many years after they had parted Mr. Moore wrote of Dr. Livingstone that "he won those who came near him by a kind of spell. There happened to be in the boarding-house at that time a young M.D., a saddler from Hants, and a bookseller from Scotland. To this hour they all speak of him in

rapturous terms. After passing two examinations we were both so far accepted by the Society that we were sent to the Rev. Richard Cecil, who resided at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. Missionary students were sent to Mr. Cecil for three months' probation, and, if a favourable report was sent to the Directors, they proceeded to one of the independent colleges." Those of the students who took lodgings in the town went to Mr. Cecil's house for their meals and for instruction in classics and theology. Livingstone and Moore lodged together.

Mr. Moore gives a notable illustration of the coolness with which David Livingstone undertook physical feats from which ordinary mortals would shrink, and his apparent inability to anticipate the discomfort of excessive fatigue or other ills from overtaxing his powers.

One foggy morning in November he set out from Ongar at three o'clock to walk to London, as representative of his brother John, who had commenced business in Hamilton, and had added a lace department to his tamboured muslins. The farthest off house in London at which the heartily-willing, newly-fledged commercial traveller had to call was nearly thirty miles from Ongar. A great part of the day was spent in walking from shop to shop, with what success is not recorded. Having finished his round, he started to walk back. Plodding along on his weary way, he came up to the scene of an accident, on the

road near Edmonton. A lady had been thrown out of a gig, and lay upon the road, stunned and unconscious. Livingstone assisted to carry her into a wayside house, and, after examination, assured those present that there were no bones broken, but asked that a medical man should be sent for at once.

Weary and footsore, he resumed his tramp, and in the neighbourhood of Stanford Rivers missed his way. He was so nearly dead-beat as to be sorely tempted to lie down and sleep, if he could; but he resisted the temptation, climbed a direction post to read the pointers, resumed his miserable march, and reached Ongar about twelve o'clock. He was in a wretched plight, with scarcely sufficient life left in him to be able to speak. His chum got him a basin of bread-and-milk and literally "put him to bed." Next day was Sunday. He did not awake till past noon.

Mr. Moore states that Livingstone, the Rev. Joseph Taylor, afterwards of Gujerat, Bombay, and himself, took the total abstinence pledge together when they were at Ongar. Livingstone, as already mentioned, was a life abstainer—following his father's example.

The course of training of the missionary students included the preparation of sermons, which were submitted to Mr. Cecil. When corrected, they were committed to memory, and, as opportunity presented itself, preached to some village congregation. Living-

stone's prospects as a successful preacher were somewhat remote; it soon became evident that pulpit oratory would not be his strong point.

One Sunday morning the minister of Stanford Rivers was taken ill, and a messenger was sent to Mr. Cecil asking him, if in his power, to send a substitute. Livingstone had got up a sermon, and was sent. His first public appearance as a preacher was a painful disaster. He gave out the text, but, alas! the sermon was clean gone out of mind, and he could only blurt out, "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," and scuttle out of the pulpit and chapel!

The Rev. Isaac Taylor, author of "Words and Places," &c., knew Livingstone when he was at Ongar. He writes:—"Mr. Cecil had several missionary students, but Livingstone was the only one whose personality made any impression on my boyish imagination. I might sum up my impression of him in two words—simplicity and resolution. Now, after nearly forty years, I remember his step, the characteristic forward tread, firm, simple, resolute, neither fast nor slow, no hurry and no dawdle, but which evidently meant—getting there."

The students in turn conducted family worship in Mr. Cecil's house. It was noticed that Livingstone's prayers never omitted the petition that we might "imitate Christ in all His imitable perfections." He was not considered successful in conducting the worship of these smaller assemblies. Mr. Cecil's

report to the Mission Board concerning Livingstone was unfavourable, but his probation was extended, and he at last "passed."

The Directors proposed to send him to the West Indies, but Livingstone pleaded that he had spent two years in medical study, and that his power to serve humanity would be thrown away if he were sent to the West Indies, which was fairly well supplied with medical practitioners. Livingstone's choice and strong desire had always been China for his destination and future sphere of labour; but the opium war had closed that field.

It was ultimately determined to send him to South Africa, a destination that was invested with strong attractions, since he had already made the acquaintance of the venerable Robert Moffat, the father of African Missions, and Livingstone's future father-in-law.

During his stay in London Livingstone devoted himself with great zeal to his medical and scientific studies. In November, 1840, he passed examination successfully, and was admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. After receiving his diploma, and transacting other business in town, he had only one night left to spend among the dear ones at home. David proposed that the family should sit up all night, but his mother objected, and that was final and conclusive. The parting was ineffably tender and touching. The family were up at five o'clock on the morning of November 17th.

Quietly, smoothly, and sadly, mother performed her duties at the breakfast table. David read the 121st and 135th Psalms, and offered prayer. The tender, tearful embrace exchanged with mother and sisters, father and son set out to walk to the Broomielaw for the Liverpool steamer. There they bade each other what proved their last farewell, and went each his own way—the one to a career in which he would achieve an honoured name and imperishable fame; the other, with a pain at his heart, to his humble home, and the faithful discharge of the round of daily duty pertaining to the state whereunto he had been called.

CHAPTER VII.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

HAVING gone through the religious ceremony of ordination, Livingstone embarked in the ship *George* for Algoa Bay, on the 20th November, 1840, an accredited agent of the London Missionary Society.

On board ship, and out in the open, our voyager has room and time to think. He is twenty-seven years of age. These years have been an apprenticeship wherein he has been trained and equipped for the business of his life, which begins now. In so far as memory and sentiment will permit, he has let go

the lines that connected him with home and kindred. The occupations of his life up till now belong to a dead past. New work, a new life in a new world, are in front of him, with no intervening or distracting obstruction, only the watery highway. He has counted the cost of the enterprise upon which he has entered. Worldly advantages are not in it—his mind is absolutely clear from any thought of them; of these, indeed, he is making sacrifice.

Ever on the alert and ready to take advantage of opportunities for adding to his stores of knowledge, general and special, and to increase his powers for useful action, Livingstone makes the ship his school for the time, and takes lessons on a special subject. Captain Donaldson is very kind and obliging; he gives him instruction in the use of the quadrant, and sits with him till midnight taking lunar observations —an accomplishment to prove of unspeakable value to Livingstone in the future.

The Sunday services on board were not at all to his taste. Of himself he says, candidly, "I am a poor preacher, and the chaplain addressed them all as Christians already. No moral influence was exerted; in fact no good was done."

At the Cape, Dr. Philip, acting at the time as agent for the London Missionary Society, wished to return to England, and was anxious to find some one to take charge of his congregation. He asked Livingstone to do so. Decisively, and on the

instant, he declared the thing impossible. He had a strongly-held opinion that no man should build upon another man's foundation. Wise missionary policy, Livingstone believed, would be to press onward beyond the borders of the wholly or half settled districts, to organise and start new stations, train the natives for the work, and depend mainly upon them to carry it on. Besides, the Cape was not his destination. The instructions he had received from the Directors were to proceed to Kuruman, or Lattakoo, as it was called then, Moffat's station, their furthest inland post from the Cape, and thence to turn his attention to regions to the northward.

It may be convenient to glance here at the stage of development reached by South Africa at the time of Livingstone's arrival in the country.

As far north as the Orange River the country was pretty well known; the population was of a very mixed character, native and European. About one hundred and fifty miles north of the border, between regions partially settled and civilised, and sheer savage country and life, the veteran missionary, David Moffat, had established an advanced post mission station at Kuruman. North and west of Kuruman lies the then unexplored Kalahari desert, and to the north-east an extensive region inhabited by the Bechuana tribes. The countries adjoining the southern border of Bechuanaland was held by the Transvaal Boers, distinguished by ruthless, cruel

tyranny, and practice of the vices rather than the virtues of civilisation. Excepting this southern portion of Africa, the whole continent, from Kuruman to the Equator, was an unknown region, about 1,600 miles from south to north, and extending to nearly the seaboard on the Indian Ocean on the east, and the Atlantic Ocean on the west. Concerning the geography of this vast tract no knowledge was possessed, beyond dim conjecture, and the most recent maps were then blank as regards either lakes, rivers, mountains, or other geographical features.

Livingstone's first experience of African travel was in his journey from Algoa Bay to Kuruman in a waggon drawn by oxen. He was much impressed by the beauty of the scenery he passed through—by the mimosas, the acacias, the aloe trees, the beautiful humming birds, and the gorgeous flowers from which they extracted nectar. He felt much encouraged by the indisputable evidence afforded by the Hottentots of Hankey of the transforming influence of Christianity upon ignorant savages. The improvement that had been effected in their condition far exceeded his expectations. The Hankey missionary, returning from the Cape, accompanied Livingstone, and a warm welcome, a wonderfully noisy and effusive demonstration, met them on reaching the station. The public and family worship of these Christianised Hottentots were to Livingstone most interesting,

their hymn-singing very beautiful, and their bearing, in all respects, in contrast with that of some of the Dutch settlers, living close by, whom Livingstone visited in his medical capacity.

He arrived at Kuruman on the last day of July, 1841. Moffat and his family were in England, and no directions as to his work had yet arrived. He formed the opinion, while at this station, that the population around was too sparse to justify its being made a missionary centre for the training and sending forth of native agents, and favoured the idea that further north, where there was a denser population, there was ground for hope of more successful action. In company with another missionary he made a journey of about 700 miles in Griqualand and the Bechuana country. A result of this journey, and a promise made during its progress, was his return to the Bechuana country in 1842. He had with him two native members of the Kuruman Church, and two other natives to manage the waggon.

He was enabled to enlist in his interests Bubi, a chief of Bakwains. Livingstone stationed one of the native agents with him as a teacher. The chief himself collected the children, and supplied them with food. Livingstone speedily acquired influence over both chiefs and people by his kind, considerate treatment.

In his advance, Livingstone passed through part of the Kalahari desert, and here met with Sekomi, a

chief of the Bamangwato, by whom he was favourably received. The ignorance of this tribe was very great. The name of God, he found, only conveyed the idea of superiority, and they applied it to their chiefs. The place was greatly infested by lions, and during the time of Livingstone's visit a woman was devoured by one in her garden quite near the town. Livingstone was painfully impressed by the occurrence, and notes how the rocks and valleys rang with the bitter cries of the poor woman's orphan children.

A third tribe visited was the Bakaa. Here, for the first time, he addressed a number of Bechuanas in their own tongue—a remarkable feat—and felt greater freedom in using it than he had anticipated. But, he states, in connection with this circumstance, "I have an immense amount of labour still before me ere I can call myself a master of Sichuana. This journey discloses to me that, when I have acquired the Batlapi, there is another, and perhaps more arduous, task to be accomplished in the other dialects; but, by the Divine assistance, I hope I shall be enabled to conquer. When I left the Bakaa, the chief sent his son, with a number of his people, to see me safe part of the way to the Makalaka."

In the course of this journey, part of which was on foot, from the draught oxen having become sick, Livingstone was put upon his mettle. Some natives who had joined his companions, and who did not

know that he understood their language, discussed his appearance and powers. "He is not strong," said they; "he will soon knock up." This rather nettled him, and he despised the fatigue he suffered from keeping them at the top of their speed for days together, until he heard them talk in a quite different strain about his pedestrian powers.

Livingstone, thus early in his African career, exhibits his physical "staying" powers, and the readiness with which he can adapt himself to circumstances. This is the Blantyre factory boy, poring over his Latin rudiments, now developed, and in a totally different sphere. He was no orator at Ongar, but we see him here showing powers transcending, probably, any that have ever been exhibited by the greatest preachers that have ever studied the Bible. In less than two years he proclaims to these black men, in their own tongue, the grand truths of Revelation. In that short time he has learned to acquire power over them for their guidance and their good. Simplicity, kindness, fearless trust, justice and fairness, hearty humour, are all the magic he employs.

But it should also be admitted that his being a medical man added greatly to his influence over the natives. His power for good in this direction amply justifies the conclusion he had arrived at on the subject of missionary life and labour when it first seriously engaged his thoughts. At Kuruman he had "an im-

mense practice. I have patients now under treatment who have walked 130 miles for my advice. The Bechuanas have a great deal more disease than I expected to find amongst a savage nation. Indigestion, rheumatism, and ophthalmia, are the prevailing diseases. Many very bad cases are brought to me, and sometimes, when travelling, my waggon is quite besieged by their blind, and halt, and lame. They are excellent patients. There is no wincing; everything prescribed is done *instanter*. Their only failing is that they become tired of a long course. In operations even the women sit unmoved; in cutting out a tumour they sit and talk as if they felt nothing. 'A man like me never cries,' they say; 'they are children that cry.' And it is a fact that the men never cry because of bodily pain; but when the spirit of God works on their minds they cry most piteously."

Livingstone inclined to plant his mission station in the country of the Bakhatta. The country was fertile and the people industrious; among other industries was iron manufacture. But he had not yet received instructions from his directors. Leaving the Bakhatta, at the end of a five days' journey, he reached the village of Sechéle, chief of the Bakwains, afterwards one of Livingstone's greatest friends. The chief's only child, and the child of one of his principal men, were ill, and, happily, Livingstone's treatment of them was successful.

Already, notwithstanding travel, oral teaching, medical practice, unsettled life, and multifarious occupations, Livingstone had found time to translate a number of our finest hymns into the Sichuana language, amongst others, "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," "Invitation to Sinners," &c. . . . "I do not boast," says he in a letter home, "of having done this, but only mention it to let you know that I am getting a little better fitted for my great work."

Returning to Kuruman in 1843, he found a letter authorising a settlement in some more distant locality. He also found a letter from Mrs. McRobert, of Cambuslang, near Blantyre, enclosing twelve pounds, which had been collected there, and sent towards the support of a native agent. The letter and gift filled Livingstone with gratitude and delight, and he entreated the givers to consider Mebalwe, a native convert, their own agent. Contributions for the same purpose followed from other places.

Permission to form a station further into the interior, then received, was also very welcome. He had a strongly-held opinion that the resources of the society were, to a great extent, wasted in clustering so many missionaries about the Cape Colony, while vast regions with large populations in the interior were left untouched.

In his journey to the new station, the company consisted of Livingstone, a companion missionary,

and three hunters, who joined them, one of these, Captain Steele, of the Coldstream Guards, afterwards General Sir Thomas Steele, and always after the strange excursion a warm friend of Livingstone. Acute observer as Livingstone was, he would doubtless learn something to his advantage in his daily intercourse with these gentlemen, touching the ways and feelings of a class with which he had come but little in contact. They, on the other hand, were charmed by Livingstone's simple, genial, honest nature, and regarded him with unfeigned affection and respect.

On arriving at the site of the intended station, Livingstone first obtained the permission of the chief to settle there, next, with all necessary legal formalities, he bought a piece of land, and proceeded to erect a hut, fifty feet by eighteen feet. He received very little help from the natives, among whom the women do the hard, heavy work. Mebalwe, the native deacon, who had come with them from Kuruman, rendered willing aid.

Livingstone's mental faculties were as fully engaged as were his hands; with him indeed it was ever thus, except when disabled by sickness. The sufferings of the natives from disease and accident ensured the continuance of his large, although not lucrative, but to himself costly practice, and he treated many interesting cases, medical and surgical. His thoughts were also much occupied by scientific observation and studies, amongst others, by the evidence

given by the country of great changes having occurred with respect to its water supply. Around and north of Kuruman he had found many indications of a much larger supply of water in a former age. He found traces of a large river that must have flowed nearly north and south to a great lake, which had included the bed of the present Orange River. He concluded that the lake had disappeared when the fissure had been made through which the Orange River now flows to the sea. He had an opinion also as to the locality where the river and lake had met, from the existence of a mound at a certain place containing fossil bones, which, to his chagrin, he had never found an opportunity of examining.

A letter from Livingstone to his parents, in 1843, when he is busy with his new station, gives a notable illustration of his filial affection and self-denying generosity. Emigration had been contemplated by his family. In one letter he sends a bill for ten pounds to assist their emigration, and a bill for the same amount for clothes for himself. He follows this communication by another, with a request that both ten pound bills should go to the emigration costs, that his help might be the more substantial, and he would make his old clothes serve for another year. Twenty pounds out of a missionary's salary! Such munificence is rare; such costly gifts are offered but seldom, upon either the family, or any other altar.

CHAPTER VIII.

"BIG GAME."

LIVINGSTONE describes the site of the new station as "in a most delightful valley, which we hope to make the centre of our sphere of operations in the interior. It is in what the poet would perhaps call an amphitheatre of mountains. The mountain range in the rear of the spot where we have fixed our residence is called Mabotsa, or a marriage feast (lat. 25° 14′ S., long. 26° 30′ E.). May the Lord lift upon us the light of His countenance, so that by our feeble instrumentality many may thence be admitted to the marriage feast of the Lamb. The people are as raw as may well be imagined; they have not the least desire but for the things of the earth, and it must be a long time ere we can gain their attention to the things which are above."

Mabotsa the beautiful was not found to be Mabotsa the safe; it was infested with lions, and Livingstone had in a lion hunt a terrible adventure that very nearly ended his career. His reference to the affair is characteristic.

"Here an occurrence took place, concerning which I have been frequently questioned in England, and which, but for the importunities of friends, I meant to have kept in store to tell my children when in my dotage. The Bakàtta of the village Mabotsa were

much troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night, and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day.

"The next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders."

After some details of the hunt, Livingstone writes:—

"I saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock with a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men called out, 'He is shot! let us go to him!' I saw the lion's tail erected in anger, and cried, 'Stop till I load again!' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together.

"Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who

see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.

"Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh.

"Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The Bakatta declared this the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm.

"A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gun-shot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the same part periodically ever afterwards. I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb."

At home as a boy and a youth Livingstone was always intelligently communicative, but not garrulous. He had more numerous opportunities for seeing "ferlies," or wonders, than his mother or sisters had. He lived a transparent life, never seeking places or associations in which he would be ashamed for his mother, sisters, or anybody else to see him. He related to them freely as much of his personal observations and experiences as it interested them to hear. The opening of the budget of news he brought home with him from Glasgow, from time to time, when he was attending the classes, was always looked forward to with eager interest. So it was with him when he went to Africa. He lived as if in the sight of the family, as far as he could make this possible by his letters. He could not in writing to his father ignore altogether this adventure with the "king of beasts." His reference to it is curious. It recalls the dutiful son curled up on the door-step at Blantyre, prepared submissively to pass the night in the open air, as the just penalty for having broken his father's reasonable commandment to be home before ten o'clock.

Referring to the ravages of the lions, and the natives turning out to the hunt, he does *not* say, as it may be suspected he really felt, "I joined heart and soul in the noble sport, fired with ambition to bag such big game," but to his canny, cautious father he writes:—"I imprudently went with them to see how

they acted, and to encourage them to destroy him. . . . I then got tired. In coming home I had to come near to the end of the hill. They were then close to the lion, and had wounded him. He rushed out from the bushes which concealed him from view, and bit me on the arm, so as to break the bone. It is now nearly well, however, feeling weak only from having been confined in one position so long; and I ought to praise Him who delivered me from so great a danger. You need not be sorry for me, for long before this reaches you it will be quite as strong as ever it was. Gratitude is the only feeling we ought to have in remembering the event. Do not mention this to any one. I do not like to be talked about." The hairbreadth 'scape was naturally very much talked about, and much inquired about when he came home, to his annoyance it may be believed.

In connection with the lion adventure, on the occasion of his visit to England, he was eagerly questioned by a group of sympathetic friends what he was thinking of when in the lion's grasp; he quietly answered, "Which part of me the brute would eat first."

The startling intelligence of Livingstone's narrow escape reached his father and his sisters one Sunday afternoon in the Sunday School at Blantyre. The account of the terrible adventure appeared in a missionary paper that was taken at the school. The brief narration caused keen and painful sensation.

Mr. Neil Livingstone seemed almost completely stunned; the sisters wept bitterly. They had the loving sympathy of all present.

Notwithstanding what he heroically says about being "nearly well," and the arm being "quite as strong as ever it was," the facts are that "for thirty years afterwards all his labours and adventures, entailing such exertion and fatigue, were undertaken with a limb so maimed that it was painful to raise the arm above the level of the shoulder."*

It was not to be expected that Dr. Livingstone could have much good to say of the kindred of a brute that had treated him so badly, but his derogatory remarks might have been expected to have taken a somewhat different direction. He expresses unmixed contempt for the lion. "It is," says he, "somewhat larger than the biggest dog," and "a very much over-rated sort of animal;" "the majestic roar of the lion is mere twaddle; the silly ostrich makes a noise as loud."

In reporting progress from Mabotsa to the Directors, Livingstone pronounced most favourably on the character and work of Mebalwe, as an illustration of the value of native agency. "The cheerful manner in which he engages with us in manual labour in the station, and his affectionate addresses to his countrymen, are truly gratifying. In all there may

* The splintered shoulder was the mark by which Livingstone's body was identified after his death.

be a dozen considerable villages situated at convenient distance around us, and we each purpose to visit them statedly. It would be an *immense advantage* to the cause if we had many such agents."

In 1844 an important epoch occurred in Livingstone's life. Before the Moffats returned from England he had no thought of marriage ; but in Mary Moffat, their eldest daughter, he met one whom he "liked better than himself;" he thereupon "proposed," and was accepted.

Livingstone, a veritable "Admirable Crichton," was architect and builder of the "mansion" to which he was to bring home his bride. It was in dimensions 50 feet long by 20 feet wide outside measurement. He was now thirty-one years of age, and, as he supposed, settled in what would be a centre at which native missionary agents might be trained, and sent forth to the regions round about. The assistance of a Christian lady in such an institution, and for such work as he contemplated, was indispensable, and he felt justified in taking such an important step. The marriage took place after a short courtship, and the young wife was brought home to Mabotsa.

The jealousy and dissatisfaction of the missionary who had assisted Livingstone in planting the station caused him and his young wife much unhappiness. He had invested his all in his home, but was ready to sacrifice all, and did so, rather than live a life of continuous discord. His colleague confessed himself

ashamed of his own conduct when Livingstone declared his resolution to give up house and garden, and go forth to incur the toil and cost, with depleted resources, of providing a new home in the wilderness.

He moved in 1846 to Chonuane, about forty miles from Mabotsa, and there started a new station, receiving £30 from the directors towards the expenses of building a new house. Here, for a time, Livingstone and his devoted wife were actually stinted in supply of the common necessaries of life.

Sechéle, the chief, was warmly interested in Livingstone's work, and became himself a devoted, earnest Christian. In the early stage of his profession, his views touching the most effective, and, as he thought, legitimate method of effecting "conversions," were rather objectionable. He declared himself willing to "convert" the whole of his people summarily, by free use of the "litupa," or rhinoceros hide whip. He got to know better.

As soon as his house at Chonuane was habitable Livingstone took a journey eastwards to visit Mokhatta, another favourably-disposed chief, and also to confer with the Boers, who threatened to be troublesome.

The country he passed through was so populous as to give him an opportunity of preaching at least once a day. Mokhatta was anxious to have a missionary, but the consent of the Dutch Commandant was

necessary, and this involved delay. Among the tribes visited he came upon one considerably advanced in industrial arts. Their country was rich in metallic ores ; they cultivated their fields, spun cotton, smelted iron, copper, and tin, made an alloy of tin and copper, and manufactured metal ornaments. The chief was greatly too much married ; for, although not twenty years of age, he had forty-eight wives and twenty children—a materially difficult subject to convert into a one-wife Christian !

Livingstone found the people suffering from great oppression at the hands of the Boers, who seem to have invaded their country to levy from its inhabitants as much "free labour" as they wanted, and to appropriate their cattle without payment. Livingstone's soul was stirred with burning indignation at the wrongs which he was powerless to redress. The Dutch Commandant professed himself favourable to receiving a native missionary, but near the proposed station was an influential emigrant, who avowed the belief that the proper treatment for native missionaries was to kill them. So, of course, neither Mebalwe, nor any other native agent, could be sent there.

In 1847 Livingstone frankly writes to the Directors that though he had been a little more than a year among the Bakwains no "conversions" had taken place, but progress had been made, and there was a real desire for knowledge.

The busy life of Livingstone may be inferred from one of his letters :—"I get the *Evangelical,* the *Scottish Congregational*, the *Eclectic*, *Lancet*, and the *British and Foreign Medical Review.* I can read in journeying, but little at home. Building, gardening, doctoring, cobbling, tinkering, carpentering, gun-mending, farriering, waggon-mending, preaching, schooling, lecturing on physics according to my means, besides a chair in Divinity to a class of three, fills up my time." He is at the same time collecting and making up, as opportunity offers, specimens for Professor Buckland and Professor Owen, in geology and natural history.

Again, in 1847, Livingstone removes to a new station on the River Kolobeng, about 40 miles from Chonuane, which he leaves because of the defective water supply. Here he seems in good spirits and hopeful. The meetings are well attended, but the work very hard. "Ever since we moved we have been incessantly engaged in manual labour. We have endeavoured, as far as possible, to carry on systematic instruction at the same time, but have felt it very hard pressure on our energies." Mrs. Livingstone, who has now two children, has her hands quite full with the care of them, culinary and house work, and a school, attended and much liked, by from sixty to eighty little niggers, with more or less of "mothers' meeting" work. Livingstone continues his manual labours till about five o'clock—generally rising with

the sun in summer—in the evening he goes into "the town" and gives lessons, and after these conducts a religious service, which is followed by a prayer-meeting in Sechéle's house. This brings Livingstone home about half-past eight. Supper and family devotions over, the missionary and his wife, if any one, may say with a good right :—

> "Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose."

The hostility of the Boers was a great bar to Livingstone's success and peace of mind. He was so closely identified with the natives, so openly their champion to the extent of his power against their oppressors, that they desired to get rid of him and all his connections, and complained to the Colonial Government that he was a dangerous person who should not be permitted to remain in the colony. Their hate impelled him to look in another direction, and was, unintentionally on their part, an element in the influences that led him, or drove him, into the course in his life that had such splendid results.

In the beginning of 1849 Livingstone made the first of a series of journeys to the north in the hope of planting native missionaries among the people. The Directors were unfavourable to such extensions, for they felt obliged to "reduce expenditure in Africa." Such determination was fatal to Living-

stone's hopes. The additional land-carriage was also a deterrent. Livingstone writes:—"I am 270 miles from Kuruman; land-carriage for all that we use makes a fearful inroad into the £100 of salary, and then, 600 miles beyond this, makes one think unutterable things, for nobody likes to call for more salary. . . . I have a very strong desire to go and reduce the new language to writing, but I cannot perform impossibilities. I don't think it quite fair for the Churches to expect their messenger to live, as if he were the Prodigal Son, on the husks that the swine do eat."

Such are the rewards for some of the world's bravest and best—one hundred pounds a year for such a pair of workers! Pinching poverty, coarse food, and sometimes not enough even of that, tattered clothing, of care very much, common comforts small and few, luxuries that are necessaries with many dwellers at home, altogether unknown. What a conjunction of dignity and drudgery Livingstone's life displays! A physician for soul and body; bishop of an empire diocese; medical practitioner with an immense practice, carried on "gratis to the poor"; the equal and co-worker with the most eminent scientific men of their day, each of these with his specialty, Livingstone making discriminating, valuable contributions to each; a practical linguist, making original contributions to the philological stock of the civilised world; a working forester and gardener; a "Jack of

all trades" in handicraft; a lion-hunter; "a hewer of wood and drawer of water," and all for £100 a year, out of which he must provide his personal and family necessaries, and find physic for his immense practice!

CHAPTER IX.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

THE existence of a lake in the north, across the desert, was known to the natives. It was also known to Livingstone's friend, the chief Sechéle, that a great chief, Sebituane, a man famous for wisdom, power, and goodness, lived and reigned over a number of tribes somewhere to the north of the mysterious lake. Livingstone was animated with a strong desire to find both the lake and the chief, and to ascertain whether a hopeful field of labour might not be found in Sebituane's territory.

On June 1st, 1849, Livingstone set out on the expedition to cross the desert in search of the lake. He was accompanied by two English gentlemen hunters, Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray. Sekomi, a neighbouring chief, fearful, it was thought, that his ivory trade might be interfered with, tried to deter Livingstone from proceeding, declaring that they would certainly die from heat, thirst, or other cause,

and that if he (Sekomi) did not stop them, he would be blamed for having permitted them to sacrifice their lives. Livingstone was not to be deterred.

The travellers, after an interesting journey, involving many wonderful new experiences and sensations, reached the shores of Lake "Ngami" on the 1st August, the journey having occupied just two months. The opposite shore of the lake was too far distant to be visible. The report of the natives was that it was a three days' journey to go round it. They discovered also the rivers Zouga and Tamanak'le. The lake was at a level of 2,000 feet below Kolobeng. The country is described by Livingstone as of remarkable beauty and fertility, luxuriant in its animal and vegetable products. Large herds of elephants were found to be numerous, and, at that time, ten tusks could be got for a gun worth fifteen shillings.

Very many different tribes of natives were encountered in the course of the journey. From the natives Livingstone learned that the Tamanak'le came from a country "full of rivers and of large trees." The prospect of a highway capable of being traversed by boats to an entirely unexplored and populous region grew, from that time, stronger and stronger, as Livingstone says, in his mind, and so much occupied it as to make the actual first sight of the lake seem of comparatively little importance.

Livingstone describes the Zouga, in very glowing terms, as "a glorious river; you never saw anything so grand. The banks are exceedingly beautiful, lined with gigantic trees, many quite new. One bore a fruit a foot in length and three inches in diameter; another tree measured 70 feet in circumference. . . . The Bakoba are a fine, frank race of men, and seem to understand the message better than any people to whom I have spoken on Divine subjects for the first time. What think you of a navigable highway into a large section of the interior? And that Tamanak'le is." Livingstone visited a number of villages along the Zouga, and was much interested in the beautiful region and the tribes inhabiting it.

In April of the next year, he attempted to reach Sebituane, who lived 200 miles beyond the lake, this time in company with his wife and children; but again he got no further than the lake, as the children were seized with fever. A year later, April, 1851, Livingstone again, accompanied by his family and Mr. Oswell, set out, this time with the intention of settling for a period among the Makololo, as Sebituane's people were called. At last he succeeded, and reached the Chobe, a southern tributary of the Zambesi, and in the end of June discovered the Upper Zambesi itself, at a place called Sesheke.

In this journey he was again accompanied by his family, and by his kind and faithful friend, Mr. Oswell. In their various journeys, Mrs. Livingstone

and the children especially, all of the party, indeed, suffered great hardships and privations, and Livingstone's family anxieties were keenly painful and oppressive.

Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, he pronounces unquestionably the greatest man of all his country. His career has been remarkable "for warlike exploits, justifiable on his part; his influence is wide and powerful, and his character interesting and attractive." He received Livingstone with great kindness. He died, greatly to Livingstone's grief, a few weeks after they met. In his journal Livingstone records his grief: "Poor Sebituane, my heart bleeds for thee; and what would I not do for thee now? I will weep for thee till the day of my death! Little didst thou think when, in the visit of the white man, thou sawest the long-cherished desires of years accomplished, that the sentence of death had gone forth!"

An eloquent writer, member of an African expedition that resulted from Livingstone's labours, refers to the great Sebituane, in a monthly magazine, "as a warrior, a legislator, a poet, and a musician. As a warrior he conquered the regions round about Linyanti. As a legislator he governed wisely the tribe that he had made great, and showed much originality and power in correcting the abuses which are incidental to a barbarous people that has achieved military renown. Of his skill as a musician, if not his capacity as a poet, I can speak from having

heard one of his compositions sung by the Makololo who were with Livingstone in 1861. We were in the river Rovuma. It was evening. The fore part of the day had been stormy, but the turbulence of the heavens had ceased, and we were all on the deck of the *Pioneer*, enjoying the indescribable beauty of the sunset. At Livingstone's request, Moloko, one of the Makololo, sang a song composed by Sebituane, and it might well have passed for one of the grand old Latin melodies." When Livingstone first heard this song Sebituane was dying, and, at his request, it was sung by some hundreds of his chosen warriors, who were ranged round his hut, as his spirit left the world. Sebituane had implicit trust in Livingstone, and it was this confidence which gave him influence with his successor Sekeletu, and the tribe generally, which enabled him to secure the services of this man.

Livingstone's ideas of missionary work were far in advance of those with whom he acted. They were thoroughly practical, but grew upon him with his experience and largely-increased knowledge of the country, to such a degree of grandeur, as could not be attained to, sympathised with, or appreciated, by those whose desires in relation to foreign missions and mission-work were satisfied by the existence of a few economically conducted preaching stations, with schools attached. Livingstone had now penetrated to vast regions, and come into contact with a number

of tribes, whose existence was not before known to the civilised world. He felt in relation to these regions and tribes that improved means of communication with the outer world was a first necessity. He was an earnest believer in the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, and in the efficacy of the Gospel for the renovation of man's moral nature; but he was much more than a "faithful preacher"—he was a Christian philosopher, with very large views as to the scope and the means and methods that must be adopted to Christianise and civilise Africa. The atrocious slave trade filled his soul with grief and indignation. The horrors of this diabolical traffic paralysed him in his work as a preacher, and the employment of effective means to extinguish the traffic took precedence in his mind with even Gospel labours, which the slave trade made in many places hopeless, and in others impossible.

Livingstone had also decided opinions as to the wisdom of employing, as an auxiliary in preaching the Gospel, such means as were practicable for improving the material condition of the native population. His views on these points he afterwards formulates, very mildly for one who held them so strongly, in connection with the Zambesi expedition, the object of which he declared to be, "to extend the knowledge already attained of the geography and mineral resources of Eastern and Central Africa, to improve our acquaintance with the inhabitants, and to endeavour to en-

gage them to apply themselves to industrial pursuits, and to the cultivation of their lands, with a view to the production of raw material to be exported to England in exchange for British manufactures; and it was hoped that by encouraging the natives to occupy themselves in the development of the resources of the country, a considerable advance might be made towards the extinction of the slave trade."

CHAPTER X.

FAMILY PARTING.

LIVINGSTONE'S career had not any "resting points," but it had its distinct stages, and his arrival in Sebituane's country, the region of the Makololo, marks one of them. It suggests a brief halt for rapid review, whither he has come, what he has done, and what he may be hoping to be able to do.

He had come to a *terra incognita;* to a vast region which, in the maps of his time, was not marked as containing lakes or rivers, mountains or valleys, cities, towns, or villages, but was simply a blank, it might be a wilderness. One portion, indeed, of the region he penetrated was marked in the maps as the "Kalahari Desert," but the countries he has passed through are far from being in accord with the ordinary idea of deserts—trackless expanses of bar-

ren sand. He has filled in the map for many hundreds of miles with the names of the lakes, rivers, and towns he has discovered, and has revealed the existence of large populations in the before unknown lands.

Taking the centre of the country of the Makololo to be about 15° south latitude, and 25° east longitude, he has reached a point about 750 miles north from his base at Kolobeng; he is about 1,300 miles north of the southern sea-board at which he landed, and on a line of about 2,000 miles in length, between the Atlantic on the west, and the Indian Ocean on the east.

Among his notable discoveries are the lake Ngami, and the rivers Zouga, Teoge, Tamanak'le, Chobe, and, notably, the upper Zambesi.

The Zambesi, in the locality where Livingstone discovered it, has yet a course of a thousand miles in which to flow ere it reaches the ocean, but such is its magnificence that Livingstone, familiar with the Clyde, 100 yards wide at Blantyre, and much wider at Dumbarton, and knowing the Thames, says of the Upper Zambesi:—"It was the first *river* I ever saw. We thanked God for permitting us to see it. All we could say was how glorious! how magnificent! how beautiful! . . . The scenery of the Firths of Forth and Clyde was brought vividly to my view, and, had I been fond of indulging in sentimental effusions, my lachrymal apparatus seemed

fully charged. But then the old man who was conducting us across might have said, 'What on earth are you blubbering for? Afraid of these crocodiles, eh?' We have other work in this world than indulging in sentimentality of the 'Sonnet to the Moon' variety." The hero may try to laugh it off, but his eyes, filled with tears, show the man of fine feelings and sensitive nature, yet a hero none the less. The flora, but especially the fauna, of his native Lanarkshire must have seemed dwarfed to the traveller, though never as commonplace, far less contemptible.

Beyond the Kalahari desert regions were traversed with herds of elephants, troops of lions, flocks of ostriches, rhinoceri, buffaloes, giraffes, steinbucks, springbucks, hyænas, antelopes, and a great variety of birds, beasts, reptiles, trees, plants, and flowers, unknown of their kinds, and unequalled in the prodigal luxuriance of their growth in northern latitudes.

Crocodiles, repulsive as Boers, were unpleasantly plentiful. Agricultural and manufacturing industries were known and habitually practised among these so-called savages, who, Livingstone found, both "delved and span." They cultivate maize, beans, vegetables, and durra, and till the ground with iron implements of their own manufacture.

Livingstone had now laboured in the country for twelve years, and the idea had grown upon him that his true mission was to open up Africa and pre-

pare the way for others, rather than to occupy the stationary position, and devote himself to the duties of local preacher and teacher. His work as a missionary proper is now nearly closed, although his Christian spirit and character cannot be dropped; and his career as an explorer is to commence.

The brutality and fiendish malignity of the Boers would have brought Livingstone's connection with Kolobeng to a close, although there had been nothing else to draw him away from it. The Boers regarded the natives as no better than slaves, and strove to reduce them to servitude. Livingstone resisted their efforts, and, in revenge, while he was absent from Kolobeng they made an onslaught upon the Bakwain, killed many of the men and women, carried off 200 of the school children into slavery, burnt down the mission station, and plundered and destroyed his property.

The field in which he had laboured for ten years was made desolate. All hope of being able to carry on his mission any longer at Kolobeng was destroyed; but Livingstone was not dismayed. He determined to devote his life henceforth to the opening out to Christianity and civilisation such regions of Africa as he might be able to reach. He determined to find a way, if possible, from the country of the Makololo through the unknown, unexplored country between it and the west coast. He conducted his

wife and children to Cape Town, arranged for their passage to England, bade them a tender and touching farewell—for how long?—and saw them sail.

The better to qualify himself for the great enterprise that occupied his mind, he remained for a time at the Cape, diligently improving himself in the processes of making scientific observations. He was cordially assisted in this by Sir Thomas Maclear.

How much it cost Livingstone to part with his wife and children, and the wrench it was at his heart-strings, may be inferred from letters that have been preserved, and from his journals. In all things his obedience to sense of duty was paramount, and the judgment or desires of others, even of his dearest friends, was not allowed to interfere with his action, when his conviction was clear as to the course he ought to follow.

After they had parted at Cape Town, he writes to Mrs. Livingstone:—"How I miss you and the dear children! My heart yearns incessantly over you. How many thoughts of the past crowd into my mind! I feel as if I would treat you all much more tenderly than ever. You have been a great blessing to me; may God bless you for all your kindnesses. I see no face to be compared with that sun-burnt one which has so often greeted me with its kind looks. Let us do our duty to our Saviour, and we shall meet

again. I wish that time were now. . . . Take the children around you* and kiss them for me. Tell them I have left them for the love of Jesus, and they must love Him too, and avoid sin, for that displeases Him."

To his eldest daughter, Agnes, aged five years, he writes :—"This is your own little letter. Mamma will read it to you, and you will hear her, just as if I were speaking to you, for the words I write are those which she will read. . . . Malatsi has gone for the oxen, and I shall go away back to Sebituane's country, and see Seipone and Meriye, who gave you the beads, and fed you with milk and honey. I shall not see you again for a long time, and I am very sorry. I have no Nannie now. . . . Love Jesus much, for He loves you, and He came and died for you. You must love Him, and your brothers and mamma, and never tease them or be naughty. . . . Good-bye, my dear Nannie."

In other letters he gives details of the outrage by the Boers at Kolobeng, and expresses his righteous indignation in terms that have a *soupçon* of pugnacity. To the Directors he wrote that the Boers were determined to shut up the interior if they could, but that he was determined, with God's help, to open up the country. Time would show which would prevail, they or he. To a relative he wrote that he would

* Mrs. Livingstone had four children with her. One child had died in Africa.

open a path through the country or perish in the attempt.

Livingstone was a man of warm and lively affections, and possessed in a pre-eminent degree the quality and power of awakening and attracting to himself the glowing personal affection of those with whom he came into contact. Sir Roderick Murchison loved him as a brother, as did also Sir Thomas Maclear, and other eminent men with whom he had relations in the pursuit of scientific objects. His friend, Mr. Young, of Kelly, who knew him long and intimately, pronounces him "the best man he ever knew, who had more than any other man he knew of filial trust in God, more of the spirit of Christ, more of integrity, purity, and simplicity of character, and of self-denying love for his fellow-men."

Mr. Oswell, the elephant-hunter, one of Dr. Arnold's Rugby boys, who accompanied Livingstone in a number of his journeys, was another of his devotedly attached, disinterested, and generous friends. Numerous illustrations crop up in Livingstone's journals and letters of the fraternal nature of their attachment.

When Livingstone and the family came to the Cape in 1852, Mr. Oswell accompanied them. Dr. Livingstone had been "up country," had wandered far for nearly twelve years, and it is said of him that he was now a "guy" rather than a "dandy" in the dress-coat he had still as his best

garment. Mrs. Livingstone and the four children were about to sail for England, and the missionary's salary, Mr. Oswell well knew, did not provide a substantial fund to draw upon. The Doctor was heedless concerning his personal needs. Now he would doubtless have made the old clothing last a while longer, but Mr. Oswell delicately insisted that he (Mr. Oswell) had been making money out of Livingstone's "preserves," the elephants, and he was entitled to share in the proceeds, and Mr. Oswell accordingly did all in his power, in so far as expenditure went, to make the family comfortable.

The African tribes that were familiar with Livingstone's name almost worshipped him as a god. In his intercourse with those demoralised by the slave trade, the triumphs of his self-control, his sympathetic patience, and his unflinching firmness, put to shame the blustering arrogance and reckless bloodshed too often characteristic of white men's dealings with the African savage tribes.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

Livingstone left the Cape on June 8, 1852, and reached Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, on the 23rd May, 1853. He received a right royal reception from Sekeletu, and was welcomed with great acclaim

by the whole people. His first object in this journey was to seek for some healthy highland in which to plant a station. He ascended the Zambesi and made a careful search and survey, but could find no place free from the destructive tetse fly, the sting of which is fatal to oxen.

He finally resolved upon the daring project—really, it may be believed, the dominant idea in his mind—to attempt to find a route from the country of the Makololo to the west coast. He proceeded at once with his preparations for this marvellous and perilous march through the vast utterly unknown region that lay before him to the west.

The means which he possessed for the accomplishment of the task he thus voluntarily undertook may well have been thought, by any one possessed of a moderate degree of caution, totally inadequate; but he had an indomitable will: twelve years of life in Africa had inured him to its climate, enabled him to adapt himself to the primitive mode of living, had seasoned him in endurance of hardship and privations, and had given him practice in using to the best advantage such material resources as might be available from time to time.

Sekeletu, chief of the Makololo, heartily supported him in his grand project, and so attached were the people to Livingstone, and such their implicit trust in him, that he was almost embarrassed by the number of natives who volunteered to accompany him in his

journey into the unknown land. Twenty-seven trusty men were selected by Sekeletu to accompany the adventurous traveller, and nobly did some of them prove worthy of the confidence placed in them: Chuma, one of the number, was Livingstone's personal attendant in all his wanderings for eight years.

The sincerity of Sekeletu's friendship for Livingstone could not be doubted, but, although he engaged to provide all that was necessary for the great projected journey, he was really most unwilling to allow his "new father," as he considered Livingstone, to leave him. He was not quite securely settled in authority, having reason to believe that his half-brother Mpepe was intriguing to displace him. The chief was only a youth of eighteen years, and possibly clung to Livingstone for moral support. The conclusion was come to that Linyanti was unsuitable for a mission station, and Livingstone, accompanied by the chief, set out for the country of the Barotse. When about sixty miles on their way, Mpepe came upon them. It was speedily discovered that his rival had determined to kill the chief. Sekeletu's people promptly "removed" their enemy, without the formality of a trial. Several other conspirators were summarily disposed of in like manner, including Mpepe's father. No healthy locality could be found for a station.

The start on the long journey was at last made from Linyanti on November 11, 1853, and, by ascend-

ing the river Leeba, Lake Dilolo was reached on February 20, 1854. On April 4 the river Congo was crossed, and on May 31 the town of St. Paul de Loanda was entered, to the great joy of the men, their leader being nearly dead from fever, half-starvation, and obstinate dysentery. In the course of the journey from Linyanti he had more than thirty attacks of intermittent fever, and was without medicine for the alleviation of his sufferings. The journey had been gone through in great pain and under many perils. Livingstone had no stores wherewith to propitiate the greedy savages through whom he had to forge his way. His weakness of body and depression of spirits were most pitiable. Notwithstanding his weakly condition, his journal was kept partially posted, and contains numerous notes on the surpassing beauty and fertility of many parts of the regions traversed. The character of the tribes met with varied much. Some of them were rapacious, revolting, and loathsome; others hospitable, kind, and amiable.

Mr. Gabriel, British Commissioner at Loanda for the suppression of the slave trade, received Livingstone with great kindness. He records his sense of grateful delight with characteristic simplicity:—"I found this gentleman to be a real whole-hearted Englishman. Seeing me ill, he benevolently gave me his bed. Never shall I forget the luxuriant pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good

English couch, after six months' sleeping on the ground. I soon fell asleep. Mr. Gabriel rejoiced at the soundness of my repose."

From Loanda Livingstone sent to Sir Thomas Maclear at the Cape his astronomical observations; and to the Royal Geographical Society he sent an account of his journey from Linyanti. The Society awarded to Livingstone, for his discoveries in Africa, its gold medal. In awarding it the Earl of Ellesmere, then president, dwelt eloquently upon "the scientific precision with which the unarmed and unassisted English missionary had left his mark on so many important stations and regions hitherto blank."

In afterwards presenting the medal, Sir Roderick Murchison, president after Lord Ellesmere, remarked, "If for that wonderful journey (Linyanti to Loanda) Dr. Livingstone was justly awarded the highest distinction the society could confer, what must be our estimate of his prowess now, when he has re-traversed the vast regions that he first opened out to our knowledge, and has completed the entire journey across Africa?"

Livingstone left Loanda for Linyanti September 20, 1854, and spent some time in the Portuguese settlement. In "Missionary Travels and Researches," much interesting information is given by Dr. Livingstone respecting the manufactures and natural productions of Angola. The community includes landowners,

hunters, gardeners, spinners and weavers, tailors, mat-makers, sack-makers, basket-makers, potters, shoe-makers, miners, smiths, ironfounders, bellows-blowers, carpenters, barbers, and some other occupations. The settlement produces an abundance of excellent coffee and many kinds of choice fruits.

After much suffering and privation, Dr. Livingstone and his followers reached Lake Dilolo, June 13. He here made a careful study of the watershed of the country, and what has been pronounced the most complicated river system in the world. He now, he felt satisfied, apprehended correctly the true form of the river systems of the continent. His conclusions have been confirmed in their leading features by subsequent observations.

The return journey from Lake Dilolo to Linyanti was by the same route as had been taken in the first journey. Their reception all along the Barotse Valley was quite an ovation. Linyanti was reached in September, 1855, the journey, including the stay at Angola, having occupied about a year.

The westward route Livingstone had proved too difficult and dangerous for a commercial highway between the Makololo and the regions inhabited by other tribes in the interior and the sea-board, and he now determined to follow the Zambesi to the sea, and ascertain if possible what facilities it afforded for inland navigation. Livingstone, accompanied by Sekeletu and about 200 of his men, left Linyanti for

the journey eastward, November 8, 1855. After about a fortnight's travel the great falls of the Zambesi were reached. This discovery of a natural phenomenon, so palpably wonderful and readily apprehended by the popular imagination, has probably invested Livingstone's travels with a charm that work and discoveries of superior geographical and scientific value and importance would have quite failed to exercise.

This stupendous waterfall, in several respects the greatest in the world, is the only natural object or locality in Africa to which Livingstone gave a name. In times long gone by, according to native tradition, the name of the falls was Shongwe ; the modern native name is Mosioatunya ("smoke does sound there"). Livingstone, the first European who had ever looked upon the falls, as a loyal subject decreed that henceforth they should be known in the civilised world and written down in the maps as the Victoria Falls.

"After twenty minutes' sail," quoting and abridging Livingstone's description, "we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour or 'smoke,' rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, bending in the direction of the wind. The tops of the columns, at this distance, seemed to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate

smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. The combination included the great burly baobab, whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree; groups of graceful palms; the silvery mohonono, in form like the cedar of Lebanon; the dark motsouri, of cypress form, dotted over with scarlet fruit; with others resembling our own oaks, elms, and chestnuts. No one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything seen in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes, but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight."

Dr. Livingstone was skilfully piloted in a light canoe to an island in the middle of the river, situated on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. Though within a few yards of the spot where the vast body of water disappeared, no one could perceive where it went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only 80 feet distant. The river at the falls is about 1,800 yards wide; the depth of the fall is about 320 feet. The fall of the seething mass of water is into a fissure about 80 feet wide, in hard basaltic rock; at the bottom of the fall the water is compressed into a space of from 15 to 20 yards, and

is continued from the left bank through from 30 to 40 miles of hills, boiling and roaring in its violent passage.

The river was very low at the time of the visit, yet the water seemed to be as much as three feet deep at the edge of the fall. The five columns of vapour were above portions of the fall where the body of water is heavier. Dr. Livingstone recalls his native Clyde for purposes of comparison. Each of the five exceeds in volume the falls of the Clyde at Stonebyres when the river is in flood. He pronounces these falls the most wonderful sight he has seen in Africa. His brother Charles, who visited the locality afterwards, and who was acquainted with the falls of Niagara, pronounced the Victoria Falls still more great and wonderful. The columns of vapour are seen, and the noise of the falls is heard, at a distance of ten miles when the river is in flood.

In prosecuting his journey to the east coast Livingstone and his followers had to go through a repetition of the hardships, personal sufferings, and almost constant anxiety they had experienced in their journey to Loanda. Prostrated by illness, supplies exhausted, menaced by a hostile chief who bars his passage and threatens his life, Livingstone reveals, or, rather, has left the records of, his pitiable position at various stages in his progress. Here is one of the entries:—

"14*th January*, 1856.—Wilt Thou permit me to plead for Africa? The cause is Thine. What an impulse will be given to the idea that Africa is not open if I perish now! See, O Lord, how the heathen rise up against me, as they did to Thy Son! I commit my way unto Thee. My family is Thine. They are in the best hands.

"*Evening.*—Felt much turmoil of spirit, in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations; and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' It is the word of a gentleman (*sic*) of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night, as I intended. It would appear as flight, and why should such a man as I flee?"

The perils of this great journey also were, happily, surmounted, and he reached the Portuguese settlement at Tette on the 3rd March, 1856, where the amenities of civilised life were again placed within his reach, and enjoyed, doubtless, with the keener zest from his having been so long beyond the pale of civilisation.

He left his men at Tette, having made all necessary provision for their comfort, and proceeded to Senna and Quilimaine, having completed, in two

years and six months, one of the most heroic and fruitful journeys on record.

The results in geography and in natural science, in several departments, were abundant, and his observations were valued quite as much for their accuracy as for their extensive range, and men of the highest eminence in all departments of science testified in unqualified terms to the sterling value of Livingstone's work.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME AGAIN.

At the Cape, in April, 1852, Livingstone parted with his weeping wife and children, turned his back upon kindred and civilisation, in so far as personal connection with them was concerned, to enter upon what he felt to be his life's mission—"to cleave this darkling continent." The magnitude of this sacrifice, the painfulness of the wrench at his feelings, God and himself only knew. He forges his way north to Sebituane's country, in the heart of the southern portion of the African continent, to a region that was, before he reached it, a *terra incognita* to all explorers and geographers whatsoever. Thence, from Linyanti, he, with toil and pain, often sick, weak, physically obstructed, in peril from wild beasts

and savage men, works his way through to the coast at Loanda, where home and kindred, joy and peace and rest, all well earned, lie before him; a repetition of the terrible journey being behind, and chosen, because duty demands that he should take it.

From May, 1854, when he leaves Loanda, until May, 1856, he is engaged in one of the greatest journeys—*the* greatest, it may be said—ever undertaken and successfully accomplished by mortal man. It is a journey of more than 2,000 miles across the continent of Africa, through hitherto unexplored, unknown lands.

Arrived at Quilimane, he might have congratulated himself upon having done a good life's work, and he would not have received too much if he had been greeted with the world's waiting message—"Well done, good and faithful servant; rest now for the remainder of thy life." This was not the message he received, but instead a communication from "the parent society" to the effect that "The financial circumstances of the Society are not such as to afford any ground of hope that it would be in a position, within any definite period, to undertake any untried, remote, and difficult fields of labour."

Livingstone, who, as we know, was deeply imbued with the true missionary spirit, was much disappointed and depressed by this communication. He

had opened up a vast field for missionary enterprise, but, hindered by the Boers, unaided by the Board, what could he do in its cultivation? His feelings on the situation are thus expressed to the agent of the Society at the Cape:—

"I had imagined, in my simplicity, that my preaching, conversation, and travel, were as closely connected with the spread of the Gospel as the Boers would allow them to be. A plan of opening up a path from either the east or west coast for the teeming population of the interior was submitted to the judgment of the Directors, and received their formal approbation.

"I have been seven times in peril of my life from savage men while laboriously, and, without swerving, pursuing that plan, and never doubting that I was in the path of duty. Indeed, so clearly did I perceive that I was performing good service to the cause of Christ, that I wrote to my brother that I would perish rather than fail in my enterprise. I shall not boast of what I have done, but the wonderful mercy I have received will constrain me to follow out the work in spite of the veto of the Board. If it is in accordance with the will of God, means will be provided from other quarters."

The resolution of the Society was arrived at, it may be believed, of constraint, not willingly, and they cannot be reproached. The means placed at

their disposal are miserably inadequate for the grand work set before them to do, and much energy, ingenuity, diligence, and pressure, have to be exercised to obtain even such funds as are placed at their disposal. The fact is that a majority in the world make no account of exiled missionaries or their work, and with some popular writers "missionary enterprise" is a favourite subject for caricature and ridicule that do not help the "collections." Appeals are sometimes lampooned as if for supply of paste blacking to Borioboola Gha, cough lozenges to Caffraria, toffy to Tahiti; and thus the missionary coffers suffer.

Livingstone aspired, it may be believed, to carry out in his person "the old mission of the apostles going forward to the end of all things. Few see the foundation of new empires—the lowest round and groundwork of national reconstruction in that house in the desert—which the civilised Christian builds among the savages with his own hands. Before the value of his work can be appreciated, generations must grow and blossom out of it and through it, to discover at last that their germ of life was there."

Livingstone was no holiday-keeper, and it was not for holiday purposes, after his sixteen years' work in Africa—and such work!—that he determined at Quilimane to return home.

On the 12th December he arrived in England,

and met everywhere, as he deserved, with the welcome of a hero. He was received with the utmost enthusiasm by all classes of his countrymen. His influence was as remarkable as his popularity. The Royal Geographical Society and eminent men in all departments of science put their seal to the greatness of his work; all who came in contact with him seemed to think the man as great as his work. His simplicity of manners and modesty of speech excited the admiration, won the sympathy, and commanded the confidence of all. He was accepted, without hesitation, as a supreme authority on subjects relating to Africa, he was elected to honorary membership by the councils of learned societies at home and abroad, and presented with the freedom of a number of the chief cities and towns in the United Kingdom.

Acting on his recommendation, the London Missionary Society, in connection with which he had gone to Africa, sent out a mission to the Makololo, to follow up the work Livingstone had commenced at Kolobeng, that was so barbarously wrecked by the Boers. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, responding to his appeal, also sent out a mission. He was appointed British Consul for Tette, Lena, and Quilimane.

On the eve of his departure in the year 1858 a grand banquet was given to him by more than three hundred gentlemen, the most illustrious in rank, learn-

ing, science, and art. Her Majesty the Queen, on the same day, honoured him also by inviting him to an audience. At the banquet, in the Freemasons' Hall, covers were laid for 260 guests, but there were above 300 present. Five pounds were offered, and refused, for places some time before it was held. Mrs. Livingstone, who was present, with a number of noble and distinguished ladies, was referred to in touching and appropriate terms by Sir Roderick Murchison, the chairman.

Dr. Livingstone replied with characteristic modesty to the eulogistic references to himself that had been received with much enthusiasm, and deprecated his arousing expectations that might not be realised. His own expectations, he said, were for ultimate rather than immediate results. Touching the most kind references to Mrs. Livingstone, he expressed his great satisfaction in having his wife to accompany him. Her help would be above price. She was familiar with the language of South Africa, able to work, willing to endure. She knew that in that country one must be ready to put hand to anything ; that the missionary's wife must be "maid of all work," and himself "jack of all trades." It rejoiced him more than he could express, that he was to be accompanied by his guardian angel. Dr. Livingstone showed unmistakably his deep emotion in this reference, and in acknowledging the great kindness with which he had been received since his return.

While at home Dr. Livingstone prepared for the press, and published his first work, "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," in which he narrates his wonderful story with straightforward simplicity, with no effort after literary style, and with apparent unconsciousness that he has done anything extraordinary.

The publication of the work yielded a profit that he, with his easily-satisfied desires and inexpensive habits would have considered a competency if he could have felt at liberty to settle down at home for life. But his intense vitality was mail-proof against the blandishments of repose.

His connection with the London Missionary Society ceased in 1857; his cordial relations with the society were, however, continued. In February 1858, he accepted, as already stated, the appointment of Her Majesty's Consul at Quilimane for the eastern coast, and the independent districts in the interior, and was also appointed commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa, afterwards known as the Zambesi Expedition.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO AFRICA.

THE members of the Zambesi Expedition, of which Dr. Livingstone was the head, included :—Commander Bedingfield, R.N., naval officer ; John Kirk, M.D., botanist and physician ; Charles Livingstone, Dr. Livingstone's brother, general assistant and secretary ; Richard Thornton, practical mining geologist ; Thomas Baines, artist and storekeeper ; and George Rae, ship engineer. Obviously the command of such an expedition involved the discharge of onerous, difficult, and delicate duties, entirely novel to Dr. Livingstone.

The expedition sailed from Liverpool in H.M. colonial steamship *Pearl*, on the 10th March, 1858. Mrs. Livingstone, and Oswell, their youngest son, went with the expedition. The *Pearl* carried out in sections a steam launch, the *Ma-Robert* (Mrs. Livingstone's African name), to be used for the purposes of the expedition.

The *Pearl* called at Sierra Leone. Livingstone was greatly pleased by the improvements that had been effected in the condition of the inhabitants, attributable, as he held, to the presence and action of the English squadron, under the protection of which successful Christian missions had been established. His firmly-held opinion of African policy in relation to

slavery, was to do on the east coast what had been done on the west—station a squadron to suppress the slave trade.

The expedition was received with marked honours at Sierra Leone, and also at the Cape when they reached it. Livingstone's reception in particular was in contrast with that he had received in 1852, when he brought down Mrs. Livingstone prior to entering on his great journey. If it can be said without disrespect, it may be said with truth that he was then needy, his wants out of all proportion to his means in either money or credit. He returns a distinguished, honoured servant of the Queen. Then he had great difficulty in getting a limited supply of gunpowder and shot; now he is presented with a silver box containing 800 guineas. "To him that hath shall be given." The unsatisfactory state of Mrs. Livingstone's health required that she should leave at the Cape with Oswell for Kuruman, to remain there for a time with a view to its complete restoration.

On the arrival of the *Pearl* at the mouth of the Zambesi, May 10th, the members of the expedition landed, and in the *Ma-Robert*, the sections of which were put together, ascended the river from the Kongone mouth, reaching Tette on the 8th September. The remainder of the year was spent in examining the river above Tette, and especially the Kebrabasa rapids.

The expedition laboured under many and formidable difficulties. The *Ma-Robert* proved slow, snorting, cumbrous, almost worthless. Livingstone authorised a friend at home to get built for him a steam vessel, the *Lady Nyassa*, upon which more than £6,000—the greater portion of Livingstone's profits on his books—was expended.

The resignation of the naval officer of the expedition threw upon Livingstone the novel extra duty of sailing master. Writing to a friend on this subject, he says:—

"I have conducted the steamer over 1,600 miles, though, as far as my likings go, I would as soon drive a cab in November fogs in London as be 'skipper' in this hot sun; but I shall go through with it as a duty."

At Tette he found those who remained of his old Makololo followers delighted at his return. They had been often taunted with their desertion, but their faith in him had never failed. There was not immediate necessity for his taking them home, as he was willing to do. They had found means of living.

In 1859 the river Shire, an important tributary of the Zambesi, was explored, and Lake Nyassa was discovered. The valley of the Shire is remarkably beautiful, rich, and fertile. The natives, a spirited, warlike race, had never before been visited from the outer world except by slave hunters, and had never before seen a European. Dr. Livingstone considered

the highlands of the Shire valley admirably adapted for commercial and missionary stations, and regarded Lake Nyassa and the Shire valley as the key to Central Africa. To his friend Young he expressed his willingness to apply the remainder of his private means, from £2,000 to £3,000, in promoting emigration to the locality.

In 1860 Dr. Livingstone returned to Linyanti with his old Makololo followers. He was much affected by the kindness and confidence of the natives, and found the property he had left there in 1853 as safe as he had left it. The natives were greatly disappointed that Dr. Livingstone was not accompanied by "Ma-Robert" and the children.

Early in the year 1861, the new steamer, *Pioneer*, arrived, and was found a great improvement on the steam launch first brought out, but its draught of water was too much for what should be its work. The agents of the Universities' Mission also arrived, and were cordially welcomed. They included Bishop Mackenzie and five other Englishmen, and five coloured men from the Cape. On the 31st January, 1862, there was another arrival hailed with welcome and delight.

A brig towed by H.M.S. *Gorgon* brought Mrs. Livingstone, Rev. Dr. Stewart, Free Church of Scotland, and others connected with missions. Dr. Stewart thus describes how he and Mrs. L. "found Livingstone."

"As the vessel approached I could make out with a glass a firmly-built man standing upon the port paddle-box, directing the ship's course. He was not exactly dressed as a naval officer, but he wore that gold-laced cap which has since become so well known, both at home and in Africa. This was Dr. Livingstone, and I said to his wife, 'There he is at last.' She looked brighter at this announcement than I had seen her do any day for seven months past."

Sections of the other steam vessel, the *Lady Nyassa*, for lake and river navigation, built to Livingstone's order, were brought by the same ship as that in which Mrs. Livingstone arrived.

After exploring the river Rovuma for thirty miles in the *Pioneer*, Livingstone and the missionaries proceeded up the Shire to Chibisa's; there they found the slave trade rampant, desolating the country and paralysing all their efforts. On July 15, Livingstone, accompanied by several native carriers, started to show the bishop the country. Several bands of slaves whom they met were liberated, and, after seeing the missionary party settled in the highlands of Majomero, to the south of Lake Shirwa, Livingstone spent from August to November in exploring Lake Nyassa. While the boat sailed up the west side of the lake to near the north end, the explorer marched along the shore.

The members of the Universities' Mission had not been in the country a year, when Bishop Mackenzie

and Mr. Burrup were cut off by fever. Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, and others sent out on Livingstone's recommendation by the London Missionary Society to Linyanti, were also taken away by the same fell distemper. Heaviest stroke of all for Livingstone, his wife, from whom he had been so long parted, was also seized, and fell under the attack. She died at Shupanga, close to the pestilential mangrove swamps of the Zambesi delta, on 27th April, 1862.

Mrs. Livingstone had suffered keenly from the protracted separation from her husband. Detention in this unwholesome region, during the most unhealthy season of the year, and when the fever was at its height, exposed her to attack, which she had but feeble powers to resist. All the trials, hardships, dangers, and sufferings Livingstone had gone through, were as nothing compared to the loss of his dearly beloved heroic wife. He says, "It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered in life." In his journal he writes, "God pity the poor children, who were all tenderly attached to her. . . . And I am left alone by one whom I felt to be part of myself. . . . Oh, Mary! my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng!"

In writing to Sir Roderick Murchison on his grievous bereavement, Livingstone thus refers to his lost partner:—"A brave good woman was she. At Kolobeng she managed all the household affairs by

native servants of her own training, made bread, butter, and all the clothes of the family; taught our children most carefully; kept also an infant and sewing school, which were highly successful and popular. It was a fine sight to see her walking to the town daily, no matter how broiling the sun, to impart instruction to the heathen Bakwains. 'Ma-Robert's' name is known throughout all the country and 1,800 miles beyond it. All my hopes of giving her one day a quiet home, for which we both had many a sore longing, are now blasted. She is, I trust, through Divine mercy, at peace in the home of the blest." Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. Livingstone's mother, sends him a very touching and affectionate letter, and refers to the mercies that had been mingled with the trial, amongst others that her lamented and beloved firstborn had been granted the privilege of dying in the arms of her husband. Mrs. Moffat writes:—"I assure you of our tender interest as one who has laid himself out for the emancipation of this poor wretched continent, and for opening new doors of entrance for the heralds of salvation. We look anxiously for more news of you."

Much time is spent in explorations of the Zambesi; the Rovuma, up which Livingstone steams for 156 miles; the Lakes Nyassa and Shirwa. Dr. Kirk and Mr. Charles Livingstone (Dr. L.'s brother) were compelled to return to England on account of the state of their health, and Dr. Livingstone is left almost alone,

often much depressed and shocked by the appalling evidence of the demoniacal ravages of the slave trade. The desolation is almost heart-breaking to him. "Corpses float past us. In the morning the paddles have to be cleared of corpses caught by the floats during the night."

Livingstone's inspiration in his labours to open up Africa is indicated in the following harrowing note from his pen:—"Wherever we took a walk human skeletons were seen in every direction, and it was painfully interesting to observe the different postures in which the poor wretches had breathed their last. A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river from the east; and in one hut of the same village no fewer than twenty drums had been collected, probably the ferry-man's fees. Many had ended their misery under shady trees, others under projecting crags in the hills, while others lay in their huts with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the mouldering corpse with the poor rags round the loins, the skull fallen off the pillow, the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, but eighteen months ago a well-peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of human life in the middle passage, however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made us feel that,

unless the slave trade—that monster iniquity which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established."

In connection with this subject, a painful revelation came upon Livingstone in the course of his journeys of a fresh obstacle to the accomplishment of his cherished object—the extinction of the slave trade.

The conviction had always been strong in him that all attempts to Christianise, civilise, or settle the native tribes, would be utterly futile, while this atrocious traffic existed. The state of insecurity in which the poor creatures lived was utterly incompatible with the introduction of industrial pursuits. Their energies were paralysed. Although the Portuguese Government had given public orders that he was to be assisted in every possible way, he was unable to doubt that private instructions to an opposite effect had also been sent. The Portuguese were too deeply interested in the slave trade to assist him, his avowed object being its extirpation. He had the mortification of arriving at the conviction that his work in opening up the Zambesi had actually provided new and important facilities to the men stealers. With these painful convictions he had no choice but to break with the Portuguese authorities.

While he bears this load of sorrow in connection with his "mission," the heart of the philanthropist knows and feels also its own bitterness. In

March and April, 1863, he has the entries in his journal :—

"I feel very often that I have not long to live, and say 'My dear children, I leave you. Be manly Christians, and never do a mean thing. Be honest to men and to the Almighty One.'"

"27th April. On this day twelvemonths my beloved Mary Moffat was removed from me by death."

He received, at the beginning of July, 1863, a despatch from Earl Russell, recalling the expedition. His chief ground of regret on account of the recall, was that he had not been able to place his steam vessel, the *Lady Nyassa*, upon the Lake Nyassa, a project from which he expected important commercial and social results.

No allowance was made by Government on account of the *Lady Nyassa*, which had cost Livingstone over £6,000, and was now left on his hands.

On the 13th February the *Pioneer* was returned to the naval authorities at the mouth of the Zambesi.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

LIVINGSTONE has from time to time suffered severe prostrating illnesses, that have not been referred to; he has one of the worst of them now, having come down the Shire in the *Lady Nyassa*. On the way he

has taken on board two members of the Universities' Mission, thirteen native women and children, and twenty-five boys left by the bishop. Livingstone takes these coloured people in charge because if left they would become the certain prey of the slavers.

Livingstone proceeded in the *Lady Nyassa* to Mozambique. Thence he sailed to Zanzibar, where he had offers for his ship, but so much under what he considered the value, they were not accepted. Mr. Rae, engineer, who had been with Livingstone for six years, being offered a good situation, accepted it. The crew left to work the ship consisted of Dr. Livingstone, as captain, one carpenter, one sailor, and a stoker—Europeans; seven Africans, who had never seen the sea before they came to the coast, shortly before being taken on board; and two boys, one of them, Chuma, who remained with Dr. Livingstone till his last journey.

On the 30th April, 1864, in a craft (the *Lady Nyassa*) built for inland navigation, not ocean sailing, with such a crew, and fourteen tons of coal on board, Dr. Livingstone set sail for Bombay, a distance of 2,500 miles, across an ocean of which no one on board had the slightest knowledge, excepting himself, perhaps, in what he might know of it from maps or charts. This perilous adventure is only one of the many illustrations Dr. Livingstone's life affords of his utter contempt for danger. Before sailing he had ascertained in so far as the best authorities accessible

could advise, the probable time the voyage would take. It was put at eighteen or twenty days, but the actual time occupied was forty-five days. The wonder was that they ever reached port. As soon as his arrival in Bombay became known, every possible polite and hospitable attention was paid to Dr. Livingstone by Sir Bartle Frere, then Governor, who had a high appreciation of the great traveller's work. Ten years after this meeting between the two men at Bombay, Sir Bartle, at a meeting at Glasgow, was asked what benefit or practical result would accrue from Livingstone's discoveries? He made answer :—

"The geographical problems alone which he will have solved must exceed in importance and interest those of any other explorer since the days of Columbus. But apart from all questions of geographical science, I believe that the commercial, political, and moral consequences, must prove far more important than anything of the kind which has been effected since the discovery of the New World."

On July 23rd Livingstone arrived on his second and last visit to England. He was naturally disappointed with the results of this expedition, but the principal objects he had reasonably hoped to accomplish by it were thwarted by causes beyond his control. For the unfortunate disagreements which occurred among the members of the expedition, Livingstone must be held acquitted, as he was acquitted by Go-

vernment authorities. He was not exempt, probably, from the trying effects of African fever, its attacks often sustained, or from the intolerance of lukewarmness felt by exceptionally strong natures, and these influences may have hindered smoothness of working. The results of the expedition, especially those that may be expected to accrue in the future, were valuable and important, though not equal to those of his first and his final expedition.

CHAPTER XV.

EXPLORATION OF NEW REGIONS.

Sir Roderick Murchison and other staunch friends welcomed him as warmly as on the occasion of his first visit home. Sir Roderick proposed to Livingstone that he should go out again. He seems to have had a desire to remain at home for the remainder of his days, but the work proposed to be done proved too tempting, and he acceded to the request.

He was appointed H.M. Consul to Central Africa without salary, Government allowing him only £500 towards the expenses of the expedition. This amount Livingstone spent upon it at once in outfit, stores, and presents. The chief pecuniary assistance came from private friends. During the latter part of the expedition Government granted £1,000, which was at once

absorbed ; the Geographical Society also contributed £500.

The two main objects of this expedition were (1) the suppression of slavery by civilising influences, and (2) to ascertain the watershed of the region between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika.

At first Livingstone thought the Nile problem had been all but solved by Speke, Baker, and Burton, but the idea grew upon him that the Nile sources must be sought further south, and his last journey became, in the end, a forlorn hope in search of the "fountains of Herodotus."

Leaving England in the middle of August, 1865, *viâ* Bombay, Livingstone arrived at Zanzibar on January 28, 1866. He was landed at the mouth of the Rovuma on March 22, and started for the interior on April 4. His company consisted of thirteen Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine African boys from Nassick School, Bombay, and four boys from the Shire region, besides camels, buffaloes, mules, and donkeys. This imposing outfit soon melted away to four or five boys.

Passing round the north end of Lake Nyassa, Livingstone struck in a north north-west direction for the south end of Lake Tanganyika, over country much of which had not previously been explored. The Loangwa was crossed on December 15, and on Christmas Day Livingstone lost his four goats—a loss he felt very keenly. The medicine chest was

stolen in January, 1868. Fever came upon him, and was for a time his almost constant companion. This, with the fearful dysentery and dreadful ulcers, and other ailments which subsequently attacked him, and which he had no medicine to counteract, no doubt told fatally on even his iron frame.

The Chambeze was crossed on January 28, and the south end of Tanganyika reached March 31. Here, much to his vexation, he got into the company of Arab slave dealers, by whom his movements were much hampered and hindered; but he, notwithstanding, succeeded in reaching Lake Moero. After visiting Lake Mofwa and the Lualaba, which he believed was the upper part of the Nile, he, on July 18, discovered Lake Bangweolo. Proceeding up the west coast of Tanganyika, he reached Ujiji on March 14, 1869, "a ruckle of bones," as he described his personal condition.

Supplies had been forwarded to him at Ujiji, but had been knavishly made away with by those to whose care they had been entrusted. Livingstone recrossed Tanganyika in July, and through the country of the Manyuema he tried in vain for a whole year to reach and cross the Lualaba, baffled partly by the natives, partly by the slave hunters, and partly by his long illnesses. March 29, 1871, he succeeded in reaching the Lualaba at the town of Nyangwe, where he stayed four months, vainly trying to get a canoe to take him across. Here a party

of Arab slavers, without warning or provocation, assembled one day when the market was busiest, and commenced shooting down the poor women. Hundreds were killed or drowned in trying to escape. Livingstone had the "impression that he was in hell," but was helpless, though his first impulse was to pistol the murderers.

The account of this scene which he sent home roused horrified indignation in England to such a degree as to lead to a determination to employ promptly the most powerful means possible to suppress the infamous traffic and to protect its hapless victims. The efforts made with this view have been partially successful through the concurrent action of the Sultan of Zanzibar and other means, and there are good grounds for hope that Livingstone's desire may, although after his decease, be fulfilled, and the British Navy prove of as great service to the cause of humanity on the east coast of Africa as it has been on the west coast.

The area upon which he was now engaged is about 800 miles between lines drawn east and west, and about as much between lines drawn north and south. A large proportion of his time has been spent in a region in the heart of the continent, and more than a thousand miles to the north of his former central headquarters. He has made numerous important discoveries, including lakes Bangweolo and Moero, the rivers Lualaba and Lamaine, and has made

the acquaintance of Banyamwezi and the Manyuema.

His circumstances are most distressing and depressed. He is robbed of his stores and supplies while they are on the way, and of such remnant as may reach him; he suffers from severe prostrating painful illnesses. When he is in a condition to eat something he is unable to obtain supplies of even the coarsest fare; his medicines are stolen with his other goods; he is attended and served by lying, dishonest, worthless, caitiffs; he is denied the means of transport across the rivers that lie in his way, and is hence locked up for lengthened periods in regions where he is cut off from communication with the outer world; a batch of above forty of his letters are lost at one fell swoop; added to all this he is frequently in danger of his life at the hands of the ferocious Arab slave thieves with whom he comes into contact and by whom he is hated.

With the shadows of death apparently gathering around him he betrays no sign of weakness or fear; his unconquerable iron will sustains him; the spirit is willing, although the flesh is truly wofully weak. He has well-understood, definite objects in view, and is not to be turned aside while any degree of power of motion and locomotion remains.

While circumstanced as just indicated, it was not surprising that a lengthened period should elapse without any intelligence being received in England,

or even on the African seaboard, as to his whereabouts. He was really "immured in a stupendous sepulchre." He was not living in the sight of the world, but he was living in the hearts of his countrymen, and intense anxiety concerning him was general, and but one feeling and purpose pervaded all classes—that the hero must not be left to perish if he was in peril, and rescue and help at any cost possible. Search and aid expeditions were sent from England, and ascertained on good authority that he was alive and engaged on work that he would not leave. Liberal supplies were sent to him up country with the result already stated—that they never reached him.

Then Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the enterprising proprietor of the *New York Herald*, himself a Scotsman or of Scottish descent, wired Mr. Henry Moreland Stanley, one of the special correspondents of the *Herald:* "Find Livingstone!" Stanley, who at the time was in Madrid, started immediately, with *carte blanche* as to costs, to "find Livingstone"; and he found him.

An account of Stanley's meeting with Livingstone that appeared at the time is sufficiently interesting for quotation:—

"After many delays, on November 3, 1871, he came in sight of the outlying houses of Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, near its northern end. Anxious to enter the African town with as much *éclat* as possible, he disposed his little band in

such a manner as to form a somewhat imposing procession. At the head was borne the American flag; next came the armed escort, who were directed to discharge their firearms with as much rapidity as possible; following them were the baggage men, the horses, and asses; and in the rear of all came Mr. Stanley himself. The din of the firing aroused the inhabitants of Ujiji to the fact that strangers were approaching, and they flocked out in great crowds, filling the air with deafening shouts, and beating violently on their rude musical instruments.

"As the procession entered the town, Mr. Stanley observed a group of Arabs on the right, in the centre of whom was a pale-looking, grey-bearded white man, whose fair skin contrasted with the sun-burnt visages of those by whom he was surrounded.

"Passing from the rear of the procession to the front, the American traveller noticed that the white man was clad in a red woollen jacket, and wore upon his head a naval cap with a faded gilt band round it. In an instant he recognised the European as none other than Dr. Livingstone himself, and he was about to rush forward and embrace him, when the thought occurred that he was in the presence of Arabs, who, being accustomed to conceal their feelings, were very likely to found their estimate of a man upon the manner in which he conceals his own. A dignified Arab chieftain, moreover, stood by, and this confirmed

Mr. Stanley in his resolution to show no symptoms of rejoicing or excitement.

"Slowly advancing towards the great traveller, he bowed and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' to which address the latter, who was fully equal to the occasion, simply smiled and replied, 'Yes.' It was not till some hours afterwards, when alone together, seated on a goat-skin, that the two white men exchanged those congratulations which both were eager to express, and recounted their respective difficulties and adventures."

CHAPTER XVI.

REST AT LAST.

Mr. Stanley's short period of intercourse with Livingstone was almost the only bright episode of these last sad years. They explored together the north end of Tanganyika, and ascertained conclusively that the Lusize runs into and not out of it. In the end of the year the two started eastward for Unyanyembe, where Stanley provided Livingstone with an ample supply of goods, and bade him farewell.

Stanley left on March 15, 1872, and after Livingstone had waited wearily at Unyanyembe for five months, a troop of fifty-seven men and boys arrived,

good and faithful fellows on the whole, whom Stanley had selected himself. Thus attended, he started on August 15th for Lake Bangweolo, proceeding along the east side of Tanganyika. His old enemy, dysentery, again attacked him.

In January, 1873, the party got among the endless spongy jungle on the east of Lake Bangweolo, Livingstone's object being to go round by the south, and away west to find the "fountains." Vexatious delays took place, and the journey became one constant wade below, under an almost endless pour of rain from above.

The end is at hand of the great traveller's sufferings, toils, and dangers; of his painful pilgrimages; weary wanderings; his marvellous career. To the last he has his definite aims; and all that is possible for man he will suffer, dare, and do to complete his work.

But his tenacious vitality, his heroic spirit, and indomitable will, must capitulate at last to intense physical suffering and abject prostration; his long-tried, much-enduring, shattered, wasted frame finally breaks down. He has been suffering from chronic dysentery for months, when in a most pitiable condition he reaches the village of the chief Chitambo on the Muilala beyond Lake Bemba. For a time he rode upon a donkey, but about the middle of April he was finally disabled. His dusky-skinned devoted attendants were in great distress, and entreated him

to allow them to carry him in as comfortable a litter as they could contrive. To this he reluctantly consented. These poor savages were only the "niggers" of Boers, men-stealers, slave-dealers, and slave-owners, and, although made in the image of God, were in their master's estimation of no account on the face of the earth excepting for the life or labour of which they could be robbed. In the history of travel there is nothing so romantic and inexpressibly touching as the devoted attachment of Livingstone's faithful followers to himself during his life, and even to his remains after his death. Towards the end of April they reached the spot near Lake Bemba, from which Livingstone's spirit was to take its flight. Here he said, "Build me a hut to die in." The hut was built by his men, who first made him a bed. He suffered greatly, groaning night and day. On the third day he said, "I am very cold; put more grass over the hut." His followers did not speak to or go near him. Kitumbo, chief of Bisa, sent flour and beans, and behaved well to the party. On the fourth day Livingstone became insensible, and died about midnight. Majuahra, his servant, was with him.

His last entry in his diary was April 27:—"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch cows. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." He spoke much and sadly of home and family. When first seized he told his companions that he intended to

change everything for ivory to give to them, and to push on to Ujiji and Zanzibar, and try to reach England.

On April 30th he with difficulty wound up his watch. Early on the morning of May 1st they found "the great master" kneeling by the side of his bed—dead! Some of them determined to preserve the remains. They were afraid to inform the chief of Livingstone's death, and removed the body to another hut, round which they built a high fence to ensure privacy. They opened the body and removed the internals, which were placed in a tin box and buried inside the fence under a large tree. An inscription was afterwards cut on the tree as follows:—"Dr. Livingstone died on May 1st, 1873," and the name of the head man Susa superscribed. The body was preserved in salt and dried in the sun for twelve days. Kitumbo was then informed of the death, and beat drums and fired guns as a token of respect, and allowed the followers to remove the body, which was placed in a coffin formed of bark. They then journeyed to Unyanyembe for about six months, sending on an advanced party, which met the explorer Cameron. The latter sent back a bale of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyanyembe ten days after the advanced party, and rested there a fortnight. At Kasakca Livingstone's remains were put in another bark case, smaller, done up as a bale to deceive natives, who would have objected to the

passage of the corpse, which was thus carried to Zanzibar, and was thence conveyed to Suez.

With the remains, Livingstone's faithful followers had brought all his clothing, books, instruments, and other effects. From Suez the *Malwa* conveyed the body to Southampton, where it was received with all honour by the Magistrates and Town Council.

On the 13th April, 1874, the remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey in the presence of a large assemblage of England's greatest sons, who attended in token of their grief at the loss of a brother, and of admiration of his noble character and splendid achievements on behalf of science and humanity. The expenses of the funeral were borne by the Government.

* * * * *

In spite of his sufferings and the many compulsory delays, Livingstone's discoveries during these last years were both extensive and of the highest importance as leading to a solution of African hydrography.

No single African explorer has ever done so much for African geography as Livingstone during his thirty years' work. His travels cover one-third of the continent, extending from the Cape to near the equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Oceans.

His example and his death have acted like an inspiration, filling Africa with an army of explorers

and missionaries, and raising in Europe so powerful a feeling against the slave trade, that it may be considered as having received its death-blow.

The nobility of Livingstone's nature and the rare excellence of his character are demonstrated by his life, and borne witness to by the highest and most competent authorities.

"Simplicity and transparency," says one writer, "were marked features in his character from first to last; delight in simple joys, a boyish love of fun, tenderness of heart and all-embracing charity, strong natural affection, the yearnings of which he could and did sacrifice to his still stronger sense of duty, the whole dominated by an all-conquering determination and perseverance in accomplishing the work which he believed was 'given him to do.'"

As we have said, men like Sir Thomas Maclear, Professor Owen, and Sir Roderick Murchison, testified in the strongest terms to the high value of his observations in various departments of science. He was a man who was consumed with a definite and noble purpose, and he firmly believed it was his duty to carry it out even unto death—which he did.

Dr. Livingstone commanded the homage and admiration of the scientific men of other countries as well as his own. The Imperial Geographical Society of Russia pronounced him to be one of the most remarkable travellers of all times and all nations.

The Berlin Geographical and other scientific societies recorded in their archives similar expressions of honour and appreciation.

"It was," says a competent authority on the subject, "one of the chief glories of Livingstone that, while our knowledge of North-eastern Africa has been gradually accumulated by the journeys of successive explorers, aided, to a considerable extent, by money and the numerous attendants and powerful assistance it could command, Livingstone alone, with an income of only about £100 a year till 1856, and until then unhelped by the money or influence of others, equipped only with his own native power and character, solved the problem of the southern continent and disclosed its main features, mapped the general configuration, watersheds, and approximate levels of a country embracing nearly 3,000,000 square miles. The great Zambesi and its important tributaries, the central lakes from Ngami to Tanganyika, the great plateau, with its eastern and western ridges, were all brought to light by the sagacity, heroic endurance, and indomitable perseverance of one man."

His journeyings aggregated nearly 30,000 miles; his surveys have added about 1,000,000 square miles to the scientifically depicted area of the terrestrial globe.

He perished the victim of his own indomitable will; one of the most unselfish, noble, and devoted

pioneers of civilisation and illustrious martyrs to science, the greatness of his work being surpassed only by the greatness of the man by whom it was performed.

Between Blantyre Spinning Mill and Westminster Abbey Livingstone had just half a century of working life. Did any of his illustrious fellow-slumberers in the silent congregation leave a better record for the fifty years? None have better earned their fame than he, and few if any, have as well earned their repose.

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